# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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## The Creed of Nations—By Cipriano Castro

Constitutional President of the United States of Venezuela and Restorer of Venezuela

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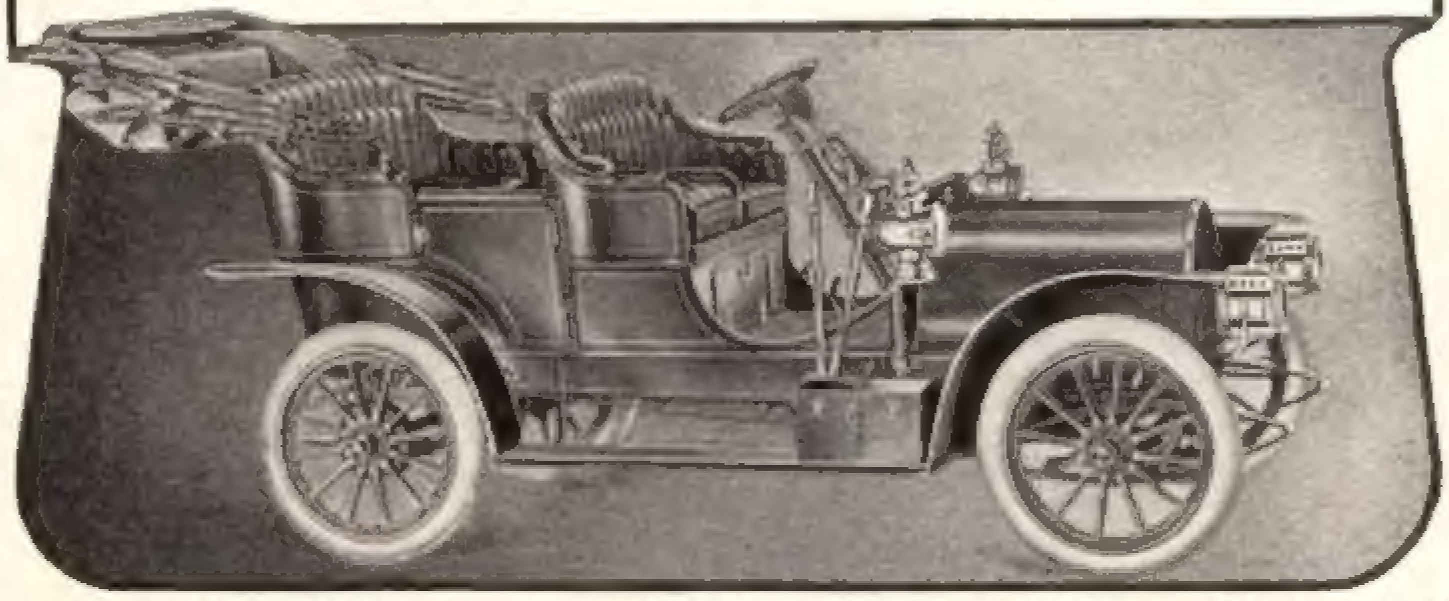

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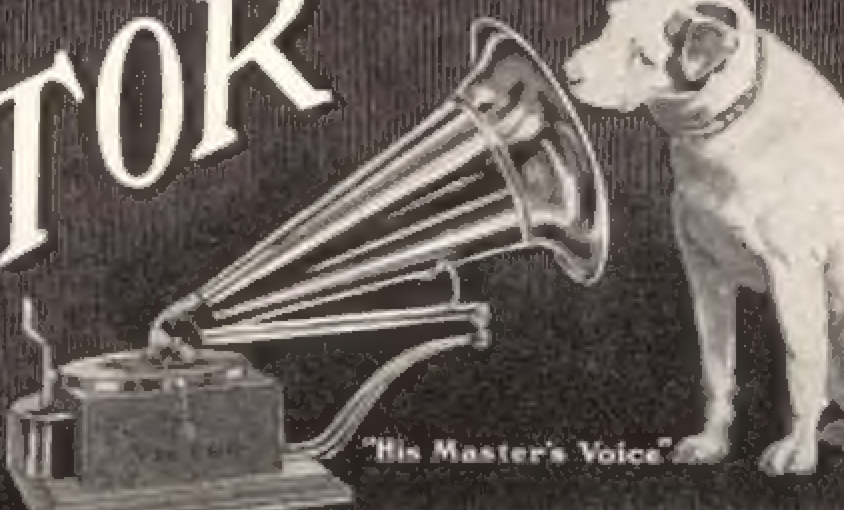

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# THE CREED OF NATIONS

## By Cipriano Castro

Constitutional President of the United States of Venezuela
and Restorer of Venezuela

Señora Castro

Cipriano Castro

Alejandro Ybarra

I ACCEDE to your request, conveyed to me through General Ybarra, that I write something — however little, because of my many duties — which would interest the readers of your important periodical, and which would treat of the progress of mundane events in the bosom of advancing civilization. This task is really an agreeable one, inasmuch as it is undertaken for an ancient and renowned weekly magazine one hundred and seventy years old, founded by the great Franklin, which has always struggled in the civilizing task of bringing about a universal restoration in all its aspects and progressive manifestations. And my satisfaction is all the greater as I, for my part, have never spared an effort — no matter how insignificant it might have been — to contribute to this reciprocal attempt of nations, communities and families to bring about the happiness of the human race through its intellectual and cultural development.

I have thought, and I still think, that virtue, reason, justice and right know neither boundaries nor frontiers. This is the lesson taught us by the grandeur and perfection of Creation, a reflection of the Creator Himself, in every manifestation of Nature. A marvelous masterpiece, perfectly finished and faultless.

I believe that, because of this higher law, the future nations, in their orderly and even progress, will bring about a true union and brotherhood among themselves, which is only natural when we consider that the only absolute principle is God — God who in His works is as colossal and infinite as are space and time, and who is all unity and all perfection! He falls, therefore, into sad, ridiculous and servile error who, as an individual, as a component part of a whole, or as the ruler of a community, infringes this wise principle which definitely constitutes the unity of the individual, the unity of the family, the unity of communities, and the unity of the universal concert of powers. This means unity of action, unity of purposes and unity of ideas.

Thus it is that we see individuals, families, communities and nations which never accomplish anything, or at least progress very slowly toward the fulfillment of their destinies, they being a hindrance and an obstacle to the rapid completion and perfection of the work.

We have seen, and we still see, although less frequently, wars between nation and nation, between community and community, between family and family, and between individuals, which, no matter how fruitful they may prove to be to one of the parties, always involve and cause retrogression, misfortune, and at times even violence and horrible crime!

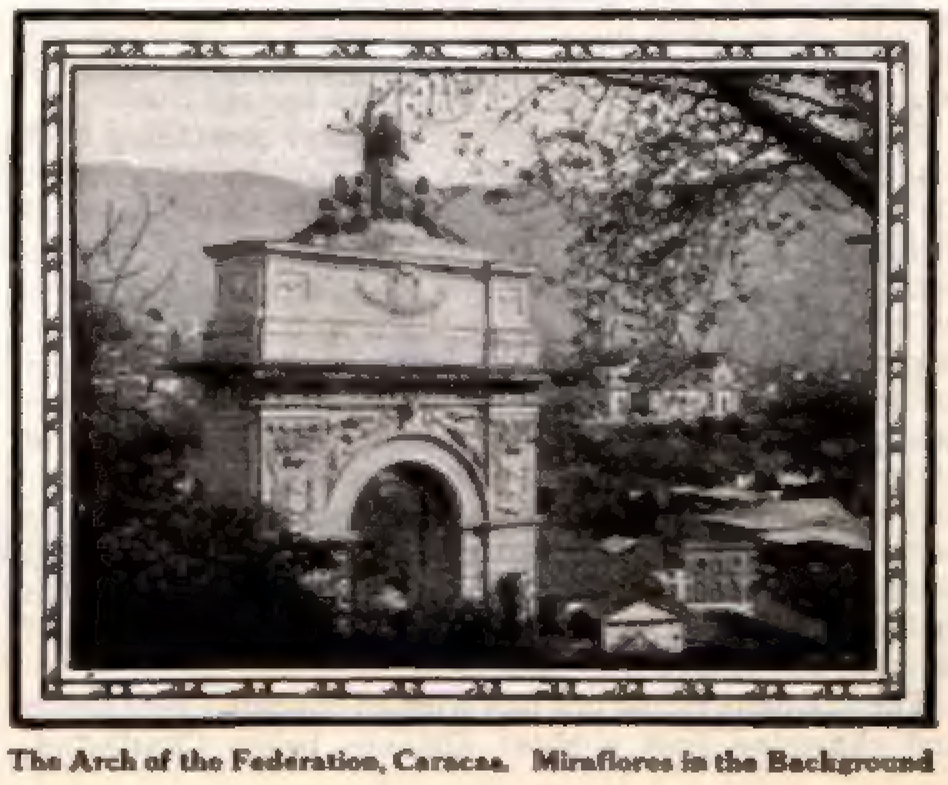
I have avoided and opposed war, both because of my judgment and because of my convictions, and I have accepted it only when forced thereto by necessity.

The method of averting war is very simple. It is epitomized in the following doctrine: Respect and mutual consideration. If we look to history for a confirmation of the above principle, we see clearly that nearly all wars up to the present time have been caused by the ambition, by the violence, or by the rashness of one of the belligerent parties. We shall have done with war once and for all when, as I said before, the doctrine of unity in all things shall be sanctioned and enforced by the subduing and convincing influence of the strongest. I do not speak of brute force when I say the strongest, but of the force which convinces and persuades, of the force of reason, of justice, of right and of love.

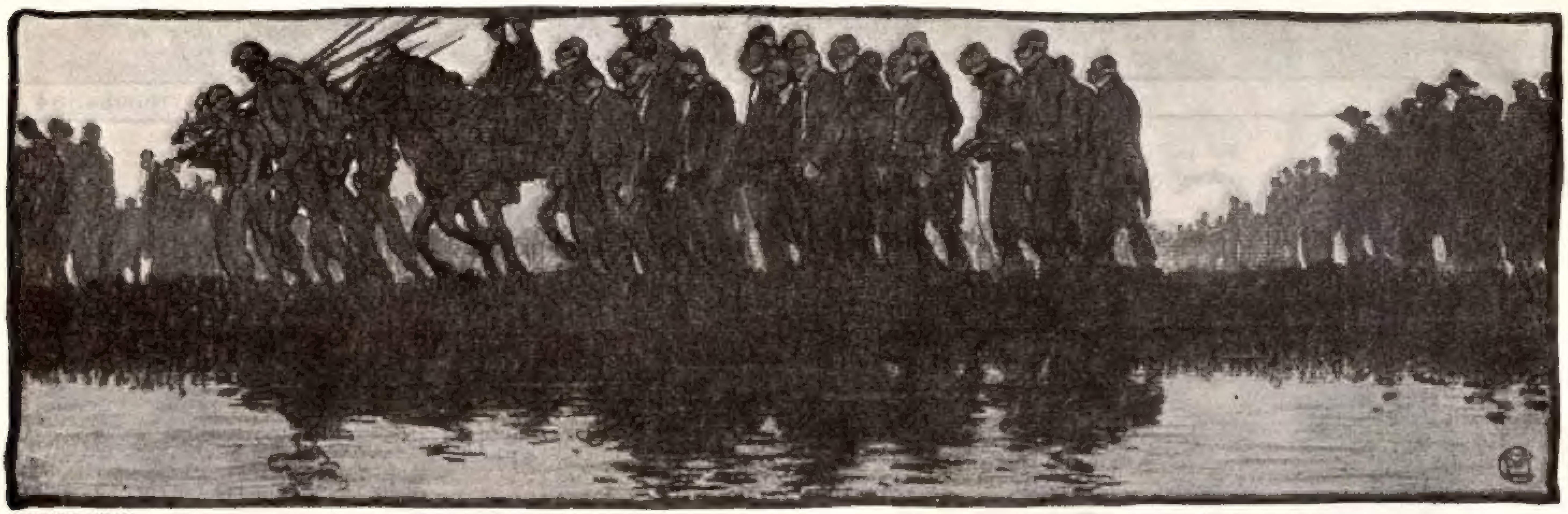
In truth, all this could be brought about by time and by man through a common doctrine or religion — that is to say, it should be universal, and it should supersede all the more or less presumptuous sects. Therefore, I now declare this universal religion to be that of honor and duty. This creed, well understood and taught, would establish universal equilibrium, and, in the course of time, would end by founding the union and the brotherhood of the human race in the bosom of a perfected civilization.

I hope that the press, which from its nature and universal character exerts an influence on the great questions of the future that is to-day almost decisive, may propagate this idea until the solution of the great problem is reached: Union and brotherhood of the human race on the indissoluble basis of a universal religion of honor and duty. These are the ideals toward which the eminent Franklin incessantly strove.

The Capitol, Caracas


The Arch of the Federation, Caracas. Miraflores in the Background

# THE FAITHFUL LEGION



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

Arrayed on the Farther Side of the Styx in a Distinct Group, Along with the Shades of Black Horse Troopers, Stonewall's Foot Cavalry, Stuart's Horse, Alexander's Artillery and Pickett's Infantry, My Fancy Sees a Dead Phalanx of Ebony "Uncles"

## The Slave Who was Servant and Friend

## BY JOHN S. WISE

IN THE preceding article I undertook to describe slavery as it existed in the average slave-holding establishment of Virginia up to the time when slavery was abolished. From my knowledge of conditions as they existed in the States to the south of Virginia, I am satisfied that, as a rule, the relations between master and slave in South Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States were not so intimate nor so affectionate as in the Old Dominion, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Northern Alabama. Kentucky and Northern Alabama were more like Virginia than any other section. The former was Transylvania County, Virginia, until it was erected into a State, and the people were, for the most part, Virginians. North Alabama was almost a colony of Virginians transplanted with their slaves and other belongings in the "flush times" of Alabama, and the people of that section cherished and maintained almost intact the mode of life which they had known in Virginia before their departure. North Carolina has always paid to Virginia that sincerest form of all flattery, "imitation," and Tennessee occupied much the relation to North Carolina that Kentucky did to Virginia.

In the sections just mentioned, slavery was as tolerable an institution as any kind of slavery can be. But in the States bordering on the Gulf, or with ports on the South Atlantic, an appreciable proportion of the slaves were either imported African negroes or their immediate descendants. Then, too, Mississippi and Louisiana were the terror of slave evil-doers. A bad or vicious slave in the border States was apt to be sold to negro-buyers who constantly traversed that section looking for slaves for the rice, sugar and cotton plantations of the South.

But the conditions referred to above tended to make the slaves of the far South as a class inferior to those in the border States both in intelligence and in morals. One may still see, in traveling through these sections, the permanent effects of these antecedents. A party of blacks on a public conveyance in Virginia or Kentucky will usually be found to be quiet, self-respecting and unobtrusive. If they should become demonstrative in any way, it would be by religious singing, perhaps. Not so in the Southern States. Wherever the blacks assemble, as, for example, on a Mississippi steamboat, they will be found noisy, obstreperous, profane and strongly inclined to card-playing and "shooting craps," and they are much more addicted to carrying firearms than the blacks in the old States.

I have often heard my father say, after something over a year's service on the Carolina and Florida coast in the Civil War, that never, until then, had he realized the condition of slavery as it existed on the Sea Islands and the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. According to him, many of the negroes there were either original importations from Africa, or little removed from their savage progenitors, either in intelligence, morals or even in appearance. They spoke an incomprehensible lingo, and many of them actually did not know the names of their own masters. Their food and appearance were almost as primitive as that of African savages, and the patriarchal features of the institution, which we farther to the North had always looked upon as a necessary accompaniment of slavery, were singularly lacking.

For example, riding one day with an educated gentleman and charming host a short distance below Charleston, South Carolina, my father and his companion met a frowsy, half-clad, wild-eyed and untamed savage. The man could not speak or understand English. The South Carolina gentleman could only communicate with him in some sort of jabbering patois, and even in this it was with considerable difficulty that the negro was made to understand that he was asked whose slave he was. He answered, "Massa ——'s." That was the name of the gentleman himself, who seemed amused that he did not know his own slave, or that the slave did not know him. The man was working upon one of his master's distant plantations under an overseer or manager. The master's residence was at a more salubrious place, and he visited his plantations so seldom that he had no personal acquaintance with his slaves.

These conditions were as well known to the Northern conquerors of the South as to the Southerners themselves, and the surprising thing about the post-bellum legislation on the subject of the slaves is that, with full knowledge of the utter incapacity of the great masses of Southern slaves to think or to act intelligently on a question so grave as that of government, the triumphant North should have imagined it possible, even while it was acting under the excitement of deep passion, to bestow the franchise on such a people with any hope that they might exercise it intelligently, or with any expectation that the whites of that section would allow them to enjoy it in such a way as to dominate them. That was the inevitable effect of the honest and free exercise of the franchise by the negroes, for they were, numerically, a majority of the community, and if they had been permitted to exercise the franchise as it was bestowed, negro supremacy throughout all that section was certain.

At first a show of force was made to guarantee to them the unrestrained enjoyment of this franchise. The force sent there was white. But it was not long before the influence of race prejudice was such that the very whites who were sent to protect the negroes, and see that they were permitted to vote, joined with their fellow-whites in the Southern States to help them in cheating the negro. This section acquired double the representation in Federal affairs it had theretofore enjoyed by computing the negroes as electors; but this increase of representation did not enure to the benefit of the negro and gave to the whites the abnormal Federal representation which has been the cause of so much complaint in the North ever since it was bestowed by the North.

In a very few years, as war prejudices subsided, while race prejudices survived, the authorities in Washington grew less and less strenuous in their demands for the equality of the negro, and by 1877, when the electoral votes of Louisiana and South Carolina became necessary to the great Republican party in order to seat the Republican contestant for the Presidency, that noble party, with its high professions of equality and all its boasted record of friendship for the negro, traded him off as coolly as ever a slave-owner sold him, and delivered him into the hands of the white man in the States of South Carolina and Louisiana, in return for the electoral votes of those two States.

In the days of slavery there was a distinct aristocracy among the American slaves, but that aristocracy is as dead as slavery itself, and there is nothing to replace it. It died with and is just as dead and unreplaced as the vaunted Southern white aristocracy, of which one hears so much and sees so little nowadays. One who was acquainted with the real aristocracy of white and black, if there were such things, finds much to amuse him in the spurious aristocracy of the present. The claims of certain Southern white people to be representative of the old Southern gentility are enough to make many an old white-cravat patrician turn in his grave and groan, and if the real negro aristocrat of the days of slavery could but see the modern negro aristocracy, which is graded on the per cent. of white blood in the veins of its possessors, it would make him burst the brass buttons off his waistcoat in swelling indignation.

The dead and extinct guild or caste of black aristocrats, lords, nabobs and tyrants over black and white alike, was the Southern slave butler, or "dining-room servant," as he was then called. Arrayed on the farther side of the Styx in a distinct group, along with the shades of black horse troopers, Stonewall's foot cavalry, Stuart's horse, Alexander's artillery and Pickett's infantry, my fancy sees a dead phalanx of ebony "Uncles." The soldiers moved in gallant companies, their mastery disputed at every step and their end a blaze of glory. The butlers ruled as sole despots over little undisputed worlds, wielding a power which no one questioned, and fell by a stroke which, in the effort to elevate them, annihilated them.

However welcome theoretical freedom may have been to them when it came, the last one of them lived to realize in bitterness that emancipation stripped them of their dignities and citizenship destroyed their power; that when, at the end of the great struggle, their masters fell, they fell also beneath the structure that was pulled down. There were many pitiable spectacles consequent upon the great social upheaval of the Civil War, but none more pathetic than that of the ancient family butler cast adrift, much in the plight of that broken-down race-horse described as "worthless for work, expensive to keep, and too valuable to kill."

Time has nearly leveled the pile of rubbish left where the palace of slavery fell. Let us try to reconstruct in fancy one of the pillars that stood at its hospitable, ever-open doorway, and in doing so let us drop generalities and descend to particulars.

When I was a child every family of any consequence had in its domestic establishment one individual known as the dining-room servant. I have described our own elsewhere. Suffice it to say of him here that his power and importance were second only to those of the head of the house, and that he was much more ever-present and exacting in his demands than the only persons in the world whom he admitted to be his superiors—his master and his mistress.

One of the earliest stories I recall related to a confidential talk between one of these worthies and his mistress, the widow of the master who had but recently departed this life. Colonel ——, an esteemed neighbor of ours, had been gathered to his rest, full of years and full of honors.

He was not strictly a godly man, having been fond of the good things of this life, and given, under provocation, to strong expletives.

Uncle Levin was his butler, devoted to his person, and cherished his memory with great reverence. Uncle Levin was a strict church-member and had often been shocked by his master's indulgence in profanity and occasionally by his inclination to strong drink. Notwithstanding these slight defects, he believed him to have been one of the best men in the world, and, as we shall see, the subject of his master's future state had caused him anxious thought. After the Colonel's death, Mistress —— secluded herself during her period of mourning, but the time came when she felt that her spirit would be soothed and comforted by attendance at church, for she, too, was a godly woman. She wished to go first to the sanctuary as nearly as possible alone, and she chose on this occasion to be driven there by Levin, whom she knew to be nearer to her husband than any other person but herself. Accordingly the "little carriage" was ordered on the following Sunday. There was always a big carriage and a little one, and Levin was the driver. It was a trying drive. It was the first time she had ridden over the old familiar spots alone since the departure of her husband. Levin sat on the front seat and she on the back. He had too much regard for her grief to intrude upon it while she wept in silence. After a while she found relief in communing with her husband's trusted friend.

"Ah, Levin," said she, wiping her tears away, "every spot reminds me of him."

"Yes'm," said Levin, sure that this opening sentence would be followed by others.

"Levin, we never had a friend like him," said the widow mournfully.

"No'm, dat we didn't. Nobody else never had no friend like him, nuther!"

"Levin," said his mistress, "we shall soon join him in Heaven."

"Yes'm," said Levin, but there was a doubt implied in Levin's tone, for he was a conscientious man, and the jealous love of the mistress detected the doubt.

"Levin, don't you believe your master's soul is in Heaven?" she asked.

"I hope so, Missus," said Levin, reaching for his whip and flicking a fly from the rump of the old speckled gray.

"Don't you *know* so?" said she, in anxious inquiry, her voice rising as if to force him to reassure her.

"No'm," said he; "'cos ole Marster cussed powerful sometimes."

"Oh, Levin, you will break my heart!" said she. "You *don't* think your master's gone to Hell, do you, Levin?"

"*Oh! no, ma'am!*" was the vigorous reply, "dat he can't. No sech man as Marster ever went to Hell."

"Then he *must* be in Heaven," she protested. "Don't you think so?"

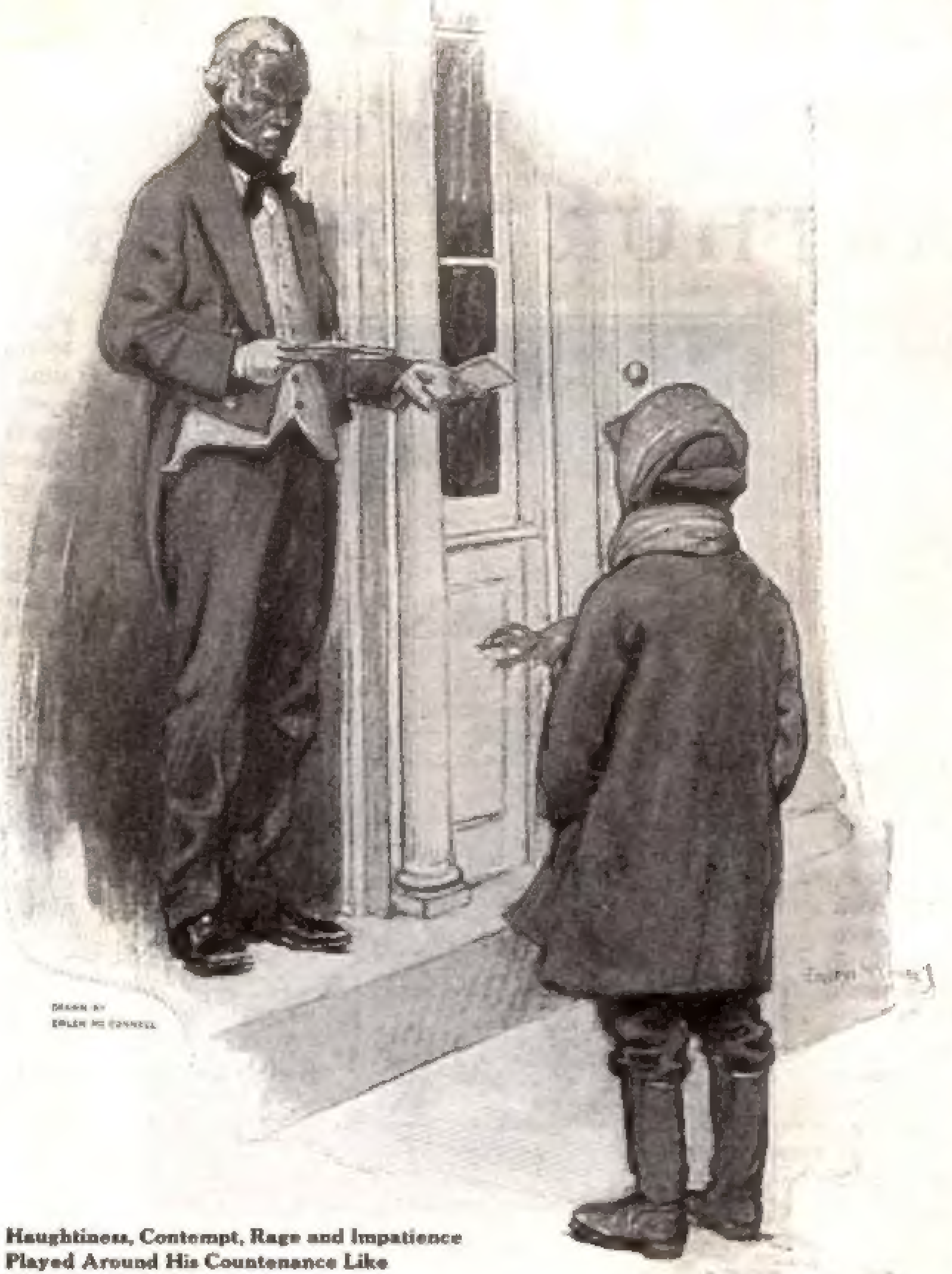
"Well, Missus," said Levin, rubbing his chin with the back of his glove, "I has thought of it a great deal sense ole Marster died. I *know* he didn't go to *Hell*—but I don't 'xactly see how he got into Heaven."

"Then where is he?" exclaimed the desperate widow appealingly.

"Well'm, if you ax me, I will tell you. I believe dat, fur a man like Marster, dar is a place called Lincumpinch, which is not 'xactly Heaven, but nex' do' to Heaven, whar folks dat is good can go, and cuss a little, and take a drink occasionally, and be happy."

I was about eleven years old when my sister was engaged to be married, and I was made the bearer of many love-notes to her fiancé. His parents were a fine old pair of Presbyterians who lived in a great brick mansion at the corner of Fifth and Main Streets, Richmond, Virginia. They were wealthy, and their house was the model of a Presbyterian palace. Every red brick in it looked as if it had been washed. The iron railings around the yard were painted three or four times a year. The grass was cut as smooth as a carpet. The magnolia trees stood on the lawn in exact cultivated circles. The marble portico steps and approach to the house were as spotless as table linen, and the Corinthian pillars on the porch gleamed so with white paint that it hurt my eyes. The front door was of solid mahogany, and the brasses were bright enough for reflectors. Every time anybody entered or left the place the servants appeared and wiped away the footprints.

On a snowy day I landed on the Presbyterian marble porch, whistling with the joy of prospective recompense, and muddy as a retriever. The billet-doux I bore had been dropped in the snow about three times, and was filthy from association with unorthodox companionship in my overcoat pocket. I rang the bell furiously, for I had other business to attend to on a neighboring hillside. Slowly and deliberately the portals opened to me and there stood as fierce an ogre as ever glowered upon me. It was the ancient butler, a taffy-colored mulatto in blue dress-coat and yellow nankeen waistcoat. He was old and stiff. His kinky hair had been brushed until it was almost straight. His stock kept his head as stiff as a ramrod. The silver waiter in his hand looked as cold as his bloodshot, over-fed eyes. His crabbed, pursed mouth under a scrub mustache, and short ear-whiskers, added to his fierce appearance. He was stiff and gouty in every joint, but held the position of a rheumatic drill-sergeant. He had evidently expected company, and had assumed his company manners; but the transformation in his manner at sight of me desecrating his sacred marbles was something indescribable. Haughtiness, contempt, rage and impatience played around his countenance like the dancing of flames.



**Haughtiness, Contempt, Rage and Impatience Played Around His Countenance Like the Dancing of Flames**

"What you come up my marble steps for?" said he. "Look at de dirt you done put all over de place! Why didn't you come roun' to de side gate?" These exclamations were fired at me with an intonation which written words cannot convey.

Ordinarily I was not timid, but he wilted me.

"I got a mind to give you a good lambastin'," said he, as he grabbed my dirty missive. He looked at it with scorn and said: "Dis here's a purty kind of a letter to give to a gentleman! You clear out from here an' don't you never come to dis front door agin; you hear?" And with that he slammed the door in my face and departed, much to my relief. I thought myself fortunate that I wasn't kicked down the steps.

The young pair whose love-making I aided were soon married, flew away from the old nest and settled upon a plantation of their own in the valley of the upper James. I was a little too precocious to be improved by city life, and my parents sent me to live with them in the country and have the benefit of a country school presided over by a Presbyterian preacher in a little country church. The farm of my brother-in-law and sister was new; their house was new; all the servants were new, and their dining-room servant "Tom" was both new and "fresh." They paid $2500 for him! He was represented to be the greatest living butler, and for a while it appeared as if there was no mistake about it. He was a handsome young mulatto, represented as thoroughly trained and sold for no fault, but because of his owner's death. He was the quickest and brightest servant I ever saw about a house.

The glories of Tom as a model dining-room servant were soon noised abroad. The lights of Uncle Charles, Uncle Sam and Sam, the cherished majordomos of our neighbors, all paled before the wonders of our Tom.

Besides his other accomplishments, Tom was a persuasive trader. His real forte would have been as a commercial traveler.* He always had on hand an abundant stock of rings, watches, razors and the like, which he sold or traded at every opportunity. So great was his talent as salesman that he persuaded me, at the age of twelve, that I had a stiff beard, and induced me to part with all the spare cash I had—it was accumulated to buy powder and shot—for a very indifferent razor.

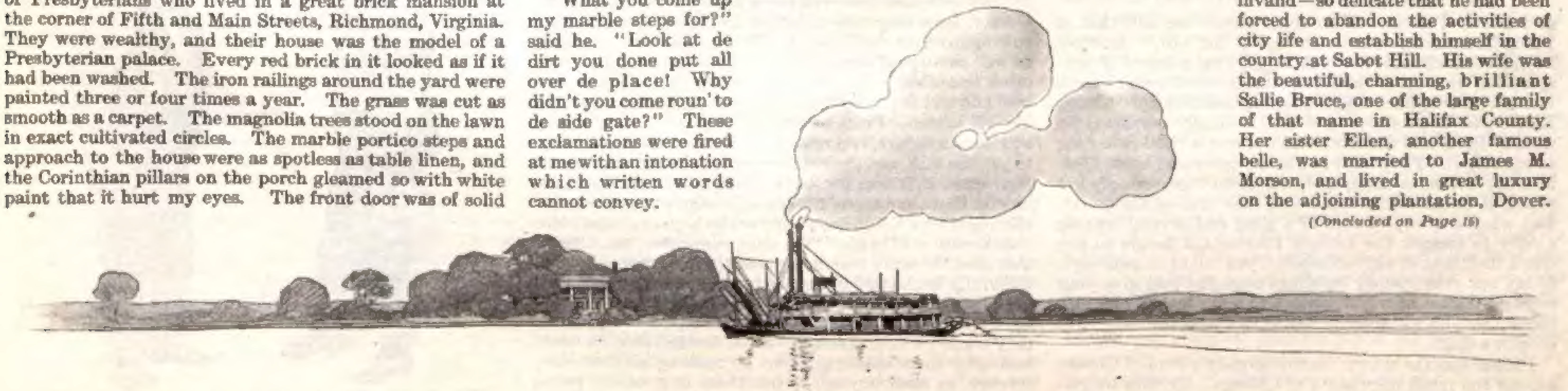
Tom's strenuousness in certain lines detracted somewhat from his general popularity on the plantation, but he understood how to ingratiate himself thoroughly with his master and mistress, and for a while they felt sure they had acquired another Uncle Henry like the old chief at the home of their parents, with the additional advantage of youth and good temper. But alas for the vanity of human hopes! By the end of a year Tom had repeatedly given evidence of a passion for strong drink.

Tom, after several warnings, fell from grace in a most uproarious spree, during which, developing murderous tendencies, he chased Aggie, the cook, around the house with a garden-rake, and raised a hubbub in his race to a finish which nearly frightened his young mistress into a spell of illness. It took half a dozen stout farm hands to overpower him, and, as this was not his first or second or third offense, it was not long before the fallen monarch was wending his way to New Orleans.

It is restful to turn from contemplation of Tom's strenuous career to that of dear old Uncle Charles, the beloved guardian of the household of our nearest neighbors, the Seddons.

That was a charming home. Mr. Seddon was a lawyer by profession, had been a Member of Congress, and was afterward Secretary of War of the Confederacy. He was a man of great refinement, good education, considerable experience in public affairs, and wealthy, but a confirmed invalid—so delicate that he had been forced to abandon the activities of city life and establish himself in the country at Sabot Hill. His wife was the beautiful, charming, brilliant Sallie Bruce, one of the large family of that name in Halifax County. Her sister Ellen, another famous belle, was married to James M. Morson, and lived in great luxury on the adjoining plantation, Dover.

(Concluded on Page 15)



# HONEST DOLLARS

## How They Were Made: How They Still Can be Made

### By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

EARLY last century a sarcastic gentleman on the other side of the water remarked that he always thought of the American seaboard as one vast, interminable counter. The observation was not meant in any flattering sense; and there was something in it which made Americans take it with uncommon bitterness.

But the question might have been asked: Is a counter of its own nature an ignoble thing? Need it represent what is "smart" and tricky and oily-fingered? Or, like everything else in the material world, can it of necessity possess only those qualities which are lent to it by the spirit of man? When Cambronne, standing in that last square at Waterloo, was called upon to lay down his arms, he did not strike his breast and cry: "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders!" That was put into his mouth by a bleating, lady's-book poet. He emitted a single word, an expression not only vulgar, but "low vulgar"—and in the vocabulary of Frenchmen there has been a halo about it ever since!

Therefore it might have occurred to our grandfathers that there was hope also for the counter. And in May, 1835, at Conway, Massachusetts, there was born an individual who was to do things with that counter which had never been done before.

Marshall Field, like so many of his kind, came of good, tough, Yankee-farmer stock. His father was reckoned a "hard driver"; but if he worked the lad at home, he gave him not only a common-school education, but also several years in the academy at Amherst. Then, when he was seventeen, he put him into the Pittsfield general store.

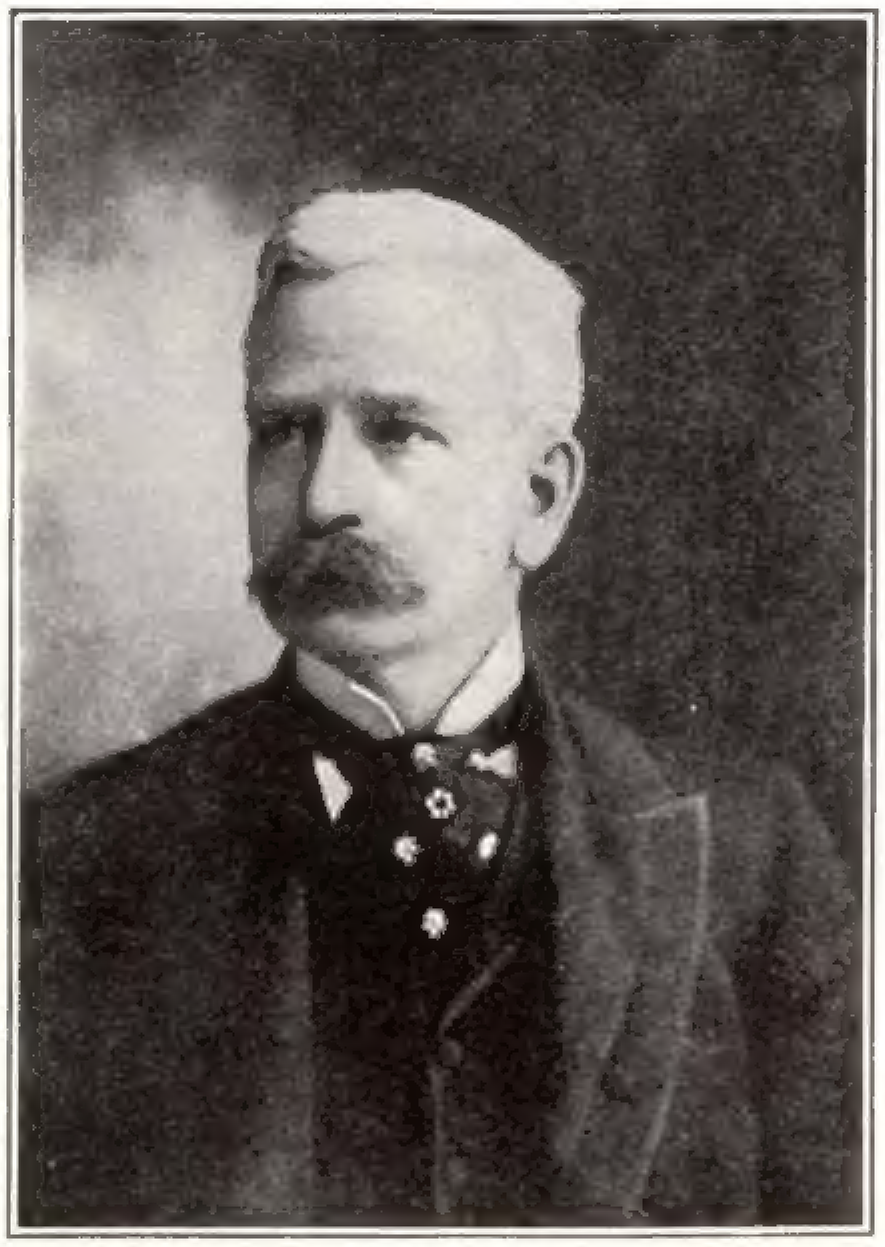
Deacon Davis, the keeper of that emporium, was a very short time in deciding that his new clerk "would not make a merchant in a thousand years." What young Field replied to that we do not know. He was always reticent enough. But he probably had his own thoughts. In any case, we find him staying with the Deacon until he was twenty-one. Then he drew his savings from the bank and took the big road for Chicago.

He used to say, later, that every man has two educations: one which he receives from others, and a second—more important—that he gives himself. We know little about those Pittsfield years; but we may take it for granted that before they were ended his second education had begun. For within four years after his arrival in Chicago he had reached business dignity as the junior partner in a big dry-goods house, Cooley, Wadsworth & Co. And five years later we find him joining with two kindred spirits and launching forth independently.

It is significant that Marshall Field's partners—and partners do not come by accident—were Levi Z. Leiter and Potter Palmer. If to these names we add that of Philip D. Armour, we have Chicago's "big four." And just in this connection, it is worth saying that a barrel of nonsense has been talked about the intuition with which these men early recognized the illimitable possibilities of Chicago. Illimitable possibilities are not shiningly apparent in marshy land, and a shallow harbor, and a third-rate river to silt into it. They exist in human nerve and brain fibre. Metropolitan sites of unparalleled advantages are only less plentiful in America than boom-time real-estate offices. But when a group of men of a joint and several trading ability to stagger the antique Phœnicians decide to peg down their tent in a given locality, you might as well begin to lay out your county buildings opposite, and give your rod-and-transit men instructions to leave lots of room for parks; for you will soon be face to face with the dangers of overcrowding.

Of Good, Tough, Yankee-Farmer Stock

Palmer was the eldest; he was already a kind of Ulysses among the retail merchants of Chicago. To him we can trace the so-called "Field principles" of making a store a public utility and convenience, of selling with the privilege of exchange, and, in general, of giving something for nothing. Leiter supplied an energy which flagged neither by day nor by night. Field, for his part, evinced three qualities sufficiently rare in the same person: a genius for organization, a yearning for new things, and an eternal caution in trying them. The trio throve from the beginning



Marshall Field

In 1867 Palmer's health began to worry him. He proposed to the two younger partners that they should buy him out. They were to pay him what they could in cash, and give him their notes for the balance. At this time Field, at least, was still sleeping above the store, which does not bespeak any superabundance of ready money. But he was as eager as Leiter to grasp the opportunity. Now, one of the erroneous ideas regarding the man which have received very general credence is that he never gave a note. In the case of this retirement of Palmer, along with Leiter he gave some very large ones; and those notes had a series of painful and humiliating renewals. But in experience they paid Field interest for the remainder of his life. He made it the first principle of his financial existence to give no more.

Having planted this shoot from the tree of wisdom, and beheld it already promising him no uncertain shade and shelter, with his partner's permission he proceeded to set forth a second sprout. And though, according to Field, it came from the same parent trunk as its predecessor, for a long time it looked to Leiter horribly like a cutting from the deadly upas. They were doing a wholesale as well as a retail trade; and, as a wholesaler, Leiter had often imagined to himself a business paradise in which he could do all his paying on long terms, and always be paid himself in cash. Field, against all the arguments of reason and human nature, reversed this. He and his partner were to pay the cash, and their customers were to get the "time." But, mark it, it was not to be "long time." It was to be shorter time than any of the other Chicago wholesalers were offering them! Could any departure be better calculated for the alienation of trade? We must remember, too, that at that time the small storekeepers of the West were about as cheerfully haphazard in the matter of meeting paper as has ever been a matter of gloomy record in the commercial agencies. In the opinion of Field & Leiter's competitors, they needed encouragement. Field decided that he could best offer them encouragement by making his firm able, through its cash buying, to put them in goods at prices never listed before; and then to insist that a bargain was a bargain. Thence, in the course of things, failures ensued—which failures might otherwise have been staved off for a year or two. And after that an influence for good business methods—for prudence and forehandedness and punctuality—began to make itself felt from the Mississippi to the Pacific. It extended itself with the extension of what was to be vastly the greatest business ever done upon this or any other continent. And it is the standing legacy of the mighty Chicago house to-day. Sometime a chapter of the country's commercial history will be written under the heading: "Sixty Days Net."

As for the reflex action of the departure upon the immediate fortunes of Field & Leiter, by 1870 they "were making an annual turnover" of $8,000,000. And although in the great fire of the ensuing year, by the failure of certain insurance companies, they lost a clear million which they should never have lost at all, theirs was the only Chicago dry-goods company which had to ask for no extension of credit. So great an advantage, indeed, did this give them over all rivals that Field himself confessed that the fire might have been said to be a piece of great good fortune for them.

While the engines were still playing on the embers, they opened up in the old car-barns on the corner of Twentieth and State Streets. They had—we have seen—always broken one of the "safe rules for trade" by doing both a wholesale and a retail business at the same time. Now the two were at any rate given separate housing. Upon the old State and Washington site went up that block-front structure which was to be for twenty years one of the Chicago landmarks. The wholesale business was given a block to expand in at Madison and Market. By 1875 the annual retail trade had grown to $19,000,000—a figure surpassed only by A. T. Stewart's famous house in New York. In 1881, the year in which Leiter retired, a "turnover" of $30,000,000 ended Stewart's preëminence forever. And the big Field "general staff" rejoiced like young lions who have not merely sought their prey, but have found it.

Yet the proper business of this paper is with underlying principles, and not in the glorification of the outward details which make them manifest. Nor must Leiter's value to the partnership be passed over too glancingly. For he was steam-box, piston-rod and driving-wheel, all in one. But it was Field who gave the "power" its undreamed-of and measureless activities.

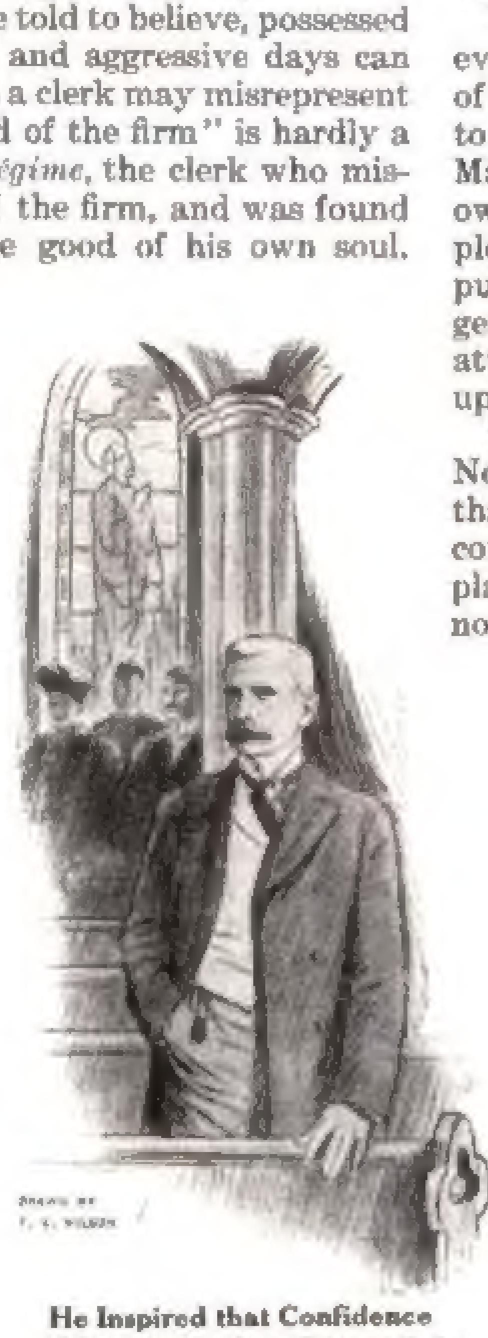
In the first place, what was his chosen power? It was that of absolute honesty and fair dealing. On the surface this must seem the flattest of truisms. But is it? That type of storekeeping cleverness which, taking its standards from the thimblerigger, regards a customer as some one to be done, still survives most plentifully among us. Every town has its examples, and neither starvation nor bankruptcy can teach them anything. To my own knowledge, there is at least one very large and well-known store in New York where you may buy blankets for pure wool which turn out to be largely of very well-prepared cotton. One might, indeed, almost say that all stores divide into those believing that honesty pays and those believing it does not.

Whether Marshall Field made honesty his rule merely because it paid we shall be in a position to judge better

Deacon Davis was a Very Short Time in Deciding that His New Clerk "Would Not Make a Merchant in a Thousand Years" later. For the present, a story told by Mayor Dunne may serve as some indication of how far the Field store came in the end to carry its rule of rules. He was buying an umbrella, and upon the end of the counter he noticed several under a reduced-price card. The saleswoman explained that they were damaged. The mayor picked up one which, in honesty, he had to inform her was not damaged at all. Oh, but it must be! And she went over it, stick, ribs and covering, until she found a tiny place which had been ripped and resewn. She pointed it out *in triumph!* It is a kind of triumph which, I venture to say, was signally uncommon in those good old days of non-advertising dignity, which, we are told to believe, possessed principles that our own pushful and aggressive days can never wot of. The principle that a clerk may misrepresent to a certain extent "for the good of the firm" is hardly a modern one. Under the Field *régime*, the clerk who misrepresented once for the good of the firm, and was found out, never did it again—for the good of his own soul.

Now for some business tenets in the regular, but narrower, acceptance of the phrase. If Field paid cash, he saw, too, that he received his cash discounts. These discounts he deducted from his retail prices, and he considered that they must always give him one great advantage over his competitors. So they did, until his competitors began to go to school to him.

In the use of money he guided himself at all times by this sweeping assumption: only that capital which is a man's in absolute freedom can be of any actual value to him. The most speciously attractive of opportunities could not induce Field to borrow. Fifteen million dollars' worth of Chicago real estate, while he possessed it, never knew a mortgage—and only those who went through the hard-time years with him can understand what that means. He never bought a share of stock on margin; he did not think he was a good-enough guesser. All short-cuts to wealth he regarded as so many runways over baited traps. Breathing the air of Chicago though he did, "he never put any trust in the future"; he at all times carried a huge reserve. We spoke earlier of his having planted certain shoots from the tree of wisdom. With those herewith added, he was in a few years possessed of a windbreak capable of standing up against a financial cyclone. Many business men should really be window decorators. They never plant anything but pretty boxwood hedges.

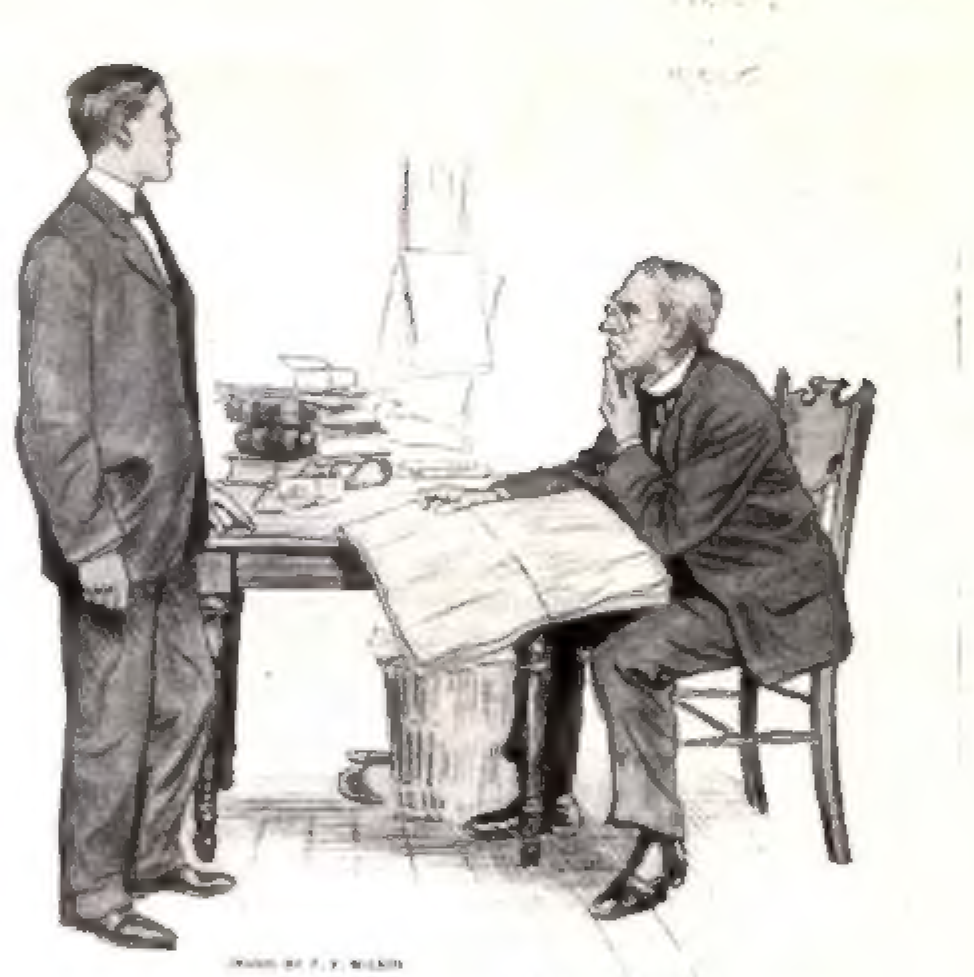


He Inspired that Confidence Which in the Last Resort Only Honesty Can Inspire

Yet upon the attitude of his employees must the success of every owner of a great retail store ultimately depend. One of Field's employees tells us that two principles seemed here to govern: one was justice, the other was consideration. Marshall Field early instituted a kind of civil service of his own. Detailed records were kept not merely of the employee's sales, but of his or her deportment toward the public, his or her disposition, neatness in dress and person, general habits even. To each count certain marks were attached. Averages were cast at the end of the year, and upon these averages depended all promotions.

Thus the store became a kind of great training-school. No employee, however high his salary, was allowed to feel that the firm could not do without him. There were others constantly and zealously preparing themselves to take his place. No employee, too, could feel that his position could normally be a stationary one. "I don't want to do business if I can't progress," Field used to say; and he wanted those farther down the ladder to think in the same way about it. Moreover, there was always a final advancement into the firm itself; every man carried the field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. This meant, too, that a man could not only graduate from the staff with honors, but with much wealth, in the bargain. Merely in Chicago one might mention John G. and Lafayette McWilliams; H. J. Willing, Thomas Templeton, Harlow N. Higinbotham, H. G. Selfridge, Robert M. Fair, and others—all of whom stepped forth worth from one to five millions. No man ever saved millions on a salary alone.

From the day when he joined fortunes with his first famous partners, there has often been comment upon how rarely Field's judgment failed him in the choice of a man. He read human motives and gauged the particular aptitudes of the individual almost clairvoyantly. He could both pick a good man and put that good man where he could do his best work. And, incidentally, that special wisdom which he had gathered from his experience as an employer he was in the habit of applying very hardheadedly to larger affairs. When asked why he opposed the municipal ownership of Chicago's street railways, he said he would believe in the city's capacity to maintain a good street-railway service when it could maintain a decent elevator service in the municipal buildings; Chicago had not yet merited promotion! Could Adam Smith himself have made the point with a more searching incisiveness?



Within Four Years After His Arrival in Chicago He Had Reached Business Dignity as the Junior Partner in a Big Dry-Goods House

He was always absolutely the master in his own house. When Mr. Higinbotham was offered the presidency of the Columbian Exposition, he had to wait till "the chief" returned from Germany and reluctantly gave him permission to accept. A great compliment had been paid to that State Street training-school, but Marshall Field did not view it from that standpoint.

It has been remarked that a Field employee always says "we." Yet the man was never paternal in his manner.

(Continued on Page 23)

# THE HAND OF HOLOFERNES

## Dr. Bahbukanda's Nemesis

### By ARTHUR TRAIN

Author of McAllister and His Double

*The goor of the Tuponee changes our nature. . . . Let a man once taste of that goor and he will be a Thug, though he know all the trades and have all the wealth of the world. . . . My father made me taste of that fatal goor when I was yet a mere boy, and if I were to live a thousand years I should never be able to follow any other trade.*—FERINGHEA *the* SUBADAR.

ASSUR-REDLY it is a gr-reat pleasure," said Doctor Bahbukanda softly, displaying a gleaming row of white teeth. "It is indeed my *mis*fortune that we have not met here-to-fore. Colonel North is well known thr-roughout India."

"Glad to know you, Doctor," responded North. "I recall seeing you on the P. and O. Dock in Bombay the day I sailed. And I've a strong impression that I've run against you somewhere else, before that—Nepal, perhaps."

"It is hardly pr-robable," replied the other, a shade less effusively. "Do you r-return soonly?" he added with seeming indifference.

"Yes, on Saturday," answered the Colonel, lighting his cigar and glancing around the room.

"Ah-h—the Cedric? We shall, then, be ship companions. I am myself sailing thereon."

"Ah," politely echoed North. "Indeed." He twisted his tawny mustache absent-mindedly.

It was the very last place in the world for anything to happen—in the little upstairs pipe-room at the Yacht Club, where I had dragged a few men equally bored by an inordinately stupid dinner farther up town.

There were six of us all told—Ned Bellows, the ex-district attorney, Flandrau, Webb, Colonel North, Doctor Bahbukanda, and myself. Afterward, in the light of what occurred, it seemed a bit strange that I should have chosen that particular room, furnished as it was after a whim of the architect to resemble a small cabin on shipboard, with a row of brass-bound ports for windows, cross-beams overhead and a swinging lamp.

The ship's clock struck eight bells as the steward—I should say waiter—filled the last glass, passed it to Webb and left the room.

"Ah," sighed North, "twelve o'clock! Just time for a short cigar!"

North was the regulation type of a haw-haw Englishman, but no one could help liking him—he was so big and clean and tanned and unsuspecting, and none of us knew until months later that he was a V. C.—some affair in the Khyber, I believe. He had been out West on a long leave, hunting, and was now on his way back to join his regiment in Oudh, stopping over with one or two good letters, a well-mannered, slow-spoken chap, a little matter-of-fact, perhaps, but the kind one likes to think of as a Soldier of the Queen.

Doctor Bahbukanda had dropped from no one knew where at about the same time. He appeared distinctly more ready to talk about his God than of himself. Somebody had asked him to lecture before The Theosophical, and he had made a great hit—especially with the women, for he had a captivating manner of suggesting his familiarity with the supernatural and a very pretty trick with monosyllabic English verse. Any one would have been interested in his smilingly monotonous account of his own particular familiar—Ram-something—a ubiquitous astral person of peculiarly irregular habits, whose only particular use seemed to be to offer opportunity to his master for dialogue with the thin air.

Undeniably, however, the mysterious Bahbukanda possessed an astonishing fascination over the fair sex, and for the time being no afternoon tea or reception was accounted complete without his round, sleek, brown face, tall, clerically-waistcoated figure and multifolded white turban. The first thing one would be asked was: "Oh, *have* you met the 'Babu'" (for so they called him), "and aren't his poems" (The Hidden Life, 8vo, 91 pages, 60 cents at the bookshops) "perfectly *dear?*" Oh, he was a wonder, that Babu!

Take it altogether, he and North were a strange pair to have hit the town at precisely the same moment. For myself, although I have rather a distaste for Hindus in general, I was inclined to make an exception in favor of the "Babu," for he was indisputably well educated, agreeable, a doctor of philosophy, and altogether a man of parts. Not to have acknowledged him would have been, as Webb put it, to violate the spirit of the Fourteenth Amendment.

It was warm and some one opened the portlike windows so that the silk curtains bellied and slapped in the night breeze. Now and then a drop of rain spat in, for a thunderstorm had been threatening as we entered the club.

By the time the ship's clock struck one bell the talk was flowing easily, with the Babu sitting a little by himself, listening attentively and sipping aerated waters—his only liquid indulgence. Then somehow the conversation floated to a criminal trial just then much exploited in the daily press, and I asked Bellows, quite naturally, since he had been a famous prosecutor, what was the most remarkable case that had ever come under his observation.

"Do you mean any particular kind of case?" he asked.

"Murder, of course," broke in Flandrau; "nothing can be so interesting as murder and the motives for it."

"Well," replied Bellows, taking a thoughtful sip of brandy, "take it by and large, as they say down East, the case that always seemed the most peculiar to me was Jenkins' case—'U. S. against Jenkins,' for murder in the first degree—and yet why, exactly, I can't say. If you like, I'll tell you about it; stop me if you get bored. Jenkins was a very ordinary person, employed, I understand, by some promoter or other who was interested in creosoting railroad ties and piles, and that sort of thing, to prevent decay. He'd been sent abroad to study foreign processes

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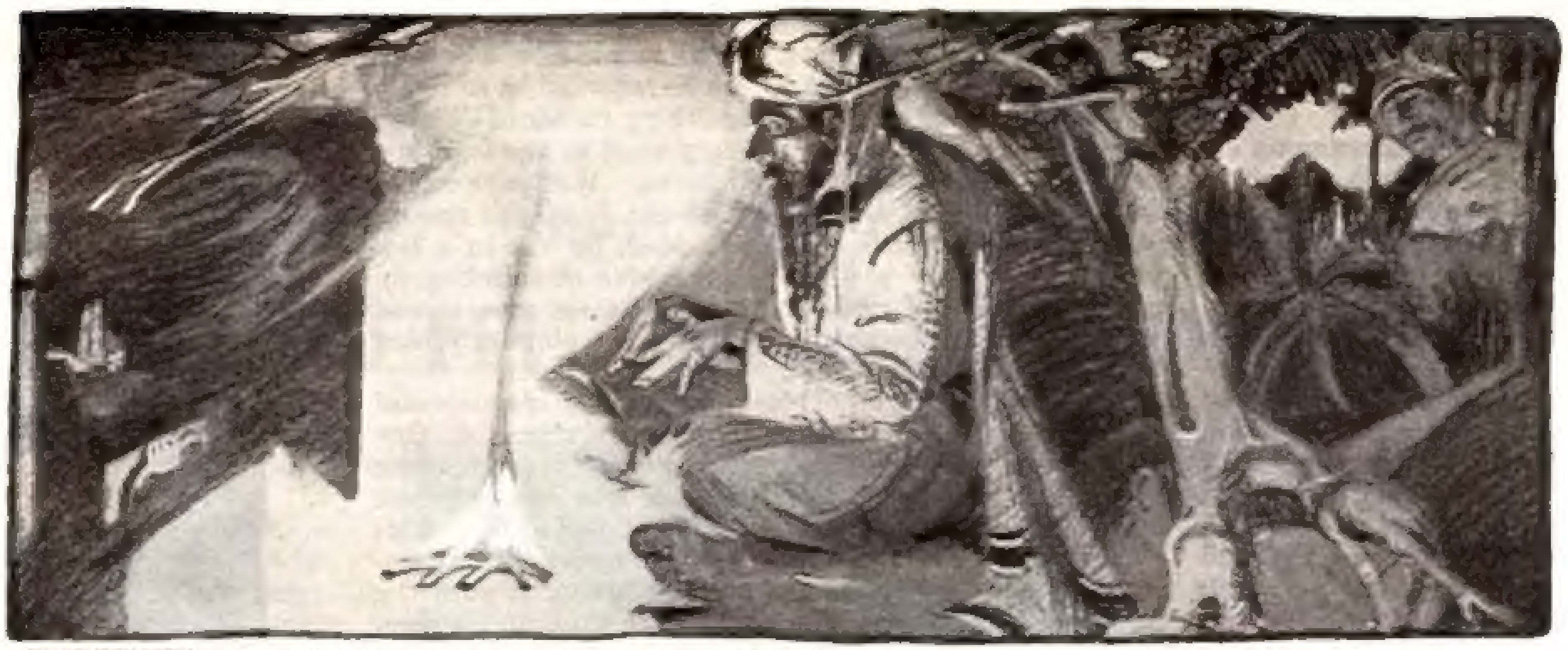
Note—It is true that, according to a Thuggee and Dacoity Report for 1879, the number of registered Punjabi and Hindustani Thugs then alive amounted to 344. But all of these had already been registered as such from 1852. It may, therefore, fairly be assumed that none are alive now and that the whole fraternity may be considered as extinct.—Reinhold Rost (1888).



DRAWN BY GEORGE HARDING "I had Only Time to See that on a Cube of White Rock, Between Him and the Door of the Cave, Lay a Small, Reddish-Black Object with What Seemed to be Fingers"

and had come back on the Volga. As he didn't take the stand in his own behalf I really never found out much about him, but he was a fat, beefy chap with childish gray eyes and a big red beard.

"The steamer was full and Jenkins was assigned to a room on the lower deck which happened to be occupied by a Hindu. No offense, Doctor—you see, your being here no doubt suggested the thing to me."

The Babu grinned good-naturedly and gracefully lit a cigarette.

"No one knew anything about the fellow except that he booked from Southampton, wore a rich native dress and kept entirely to himself. He registered under the name of Rhutti Kahn."

Colonel North glanced quickly at Bellows across his glass.

"The last morning out, when the steward came to fix up the room, he found the Hindu strangled to death in his bunk, and Jenkins feigning sleep in the berth above. On the floor lay a solid silver box, about ten inches in length and four in height, the cover of which was open upon its hinges—empty. The key was found under the Hindu's robes fastened to a thin silver chain about his neck, and attached to the same chain was a curious little silver pickaxe with the tiny head of an idol on the haft of it—some hoodoo or other. For the rest, there wasn't a paper or a mark on the body to tell who or what he was, except some characters in Hindu tattooed on the inside of his right elbow. The interpreter down at the courts said it was the name of a god.

"Well, it was clear that the Hindu had been murdered—that was plain enough—and the motive in all likelihood had been robbery. Lastly, Jenkins refused to say anything without the advice of counsel. That was the queer part of it—he wouldn't affirm or deny a single fact. And in a belt around his body next the skin there were found two or three pearl necklaces of considerable value."

"Was the door of the stateroom open or locked?" asked Webb.

"I forgot to say—it was shut but unlocked," responded Bellows. "Well, that was the case. Everything pointed to Jenkins, and he made no denial. I have never seen a man act so strangely. In fact, at times I almost thought the fellow had gone crazy and killed the Hindu in a period of mania—epileptic explosion—*grand mal*—you know. But the doctors reported that he was sound as a drum, and merely nervous and excited, and so the case came on for trial.

"He was defended by Crookshanks—able fellow, Crookshanks—but you couldn't shake the testimony. There you had the opportunity, the apparent motive, the probable extraction of the contents of the box, the pearls concealed on Jenkins' person, the fact that the Hindu couldn't have been strangled without Jenkins knowing something of what was going on (you can't kill a man that way without making a lot of noise, you know), and his total silence in self-defense. It made a pretty strong case, and yet, curiously enough, I never had any particular faith in it. Somehow, I didn't believe Jenkins had done the trick. I couldn't tell why, but I just didn't. He didn't look like it. You couldn't see that fat, gray-eyed man sitting there at the bar and imagine his getting down to anything so low as strangling a Hindu. The only point Crookshanks made during the trial was about the stateroom door being unlocked, and that there were two Hindus in the steerage—only you couldn't call that a point, as there was absolutely nothing to connect them with the murder, and so far as we knew they didn't know Rhutti Kahn and hadn't been out of the steerage the whole way across. Yes, the case seemed a good case enough—only it was *queer*. When the People's evidence was all in, Crookshanks and Jenkins had a sort of row right there at the bar and Crookshanks grew very indignant. Jenkins kept shaking his head while the sweat stood out in beads upon his forehead. Then Crookshanks announced testily that there would be no defense, and that they would submit their side of the case to the jury upon the judge's charge. I summed up, as we used to say, like a 'wild horse' and claimed that the jury had absolutely no choice—they *must* convict. I really believed that—*on the evidence*.

"Well, if you'll believe it, the jury stayed out forty-eight hours and split even. They stood six for conviction and six for acquittal from the very first ballot. You never can tell what those fellows will do. The funny part of it was that just as soon as I got through summing up the case I myself ceased to believe that Jenkins was guilty. It's a queer thing that—to have all the evidence one way, and all the feel of a thing the other.

"We tried Jenkins three times and every time with the same result—six to six. Half held that we'd proved our case and half that we hadn't. Only the last six could never say why. Almost everybody on the professional staff took a whack at Jenkins—I didn't try him after the first time—but it was no use. And after the third trial he was discharged on his own recognizance. Then he disappeared—nobody ever heard of him again.

"Well, gentlemen, that was the strangest case I ever tried. But, as I said in the first place, I can't tell you why. Flandrau, hand me that siphon, will you, please?"

"Well, I think it was clear enough," said Webb. "If he was innocent why didn't he say so?"

"Come, come!" I retorted. "What motive could Jenkins have had to kill the Hindu? As for the pearls—he was probably smuggling them in for some jewelry firm as a little flyer on his own account."

"Nonsense! At all events he had as much motive to do the thing as he had to refrain from a denial of it," returned Webb tartly.

"I don't think the case was proved," I answered. "Some one else might have done it. The door was unlocked."

"But he must have known what was going on—it takes three minutes to strangle a man, and there are unconscious, involuntary paroxysms of extraordinary violence" interjected Flandrau.

"I don't care," I replied. "The fact that the contents of the casket seemed to be missing tends to show that some one else committed the murder and removed the proceeds of the crime. The pearls were in a belt, and so far as we know belonged to Jenkins."

Old Bellows laughed.

"There you are," said he; "the thing happened ten years ago and it's just as much of a puzzle as ever. Let's take a vote. Those in favor of guilty hold up their hands."

Doctor Flandrau, Webb and the Babu held them up.

"Now, not guilty."

Old Bellows, Colonel North and myself came valiantly to the succor of the hitherto forgotten Jenkins.

Bellows drained his glass.

"An even split!" he cried. "Just where we stood ten years ago."

A pause followed, during which a back draft through one of the ports sent it clanging to and made the big swinging lamp flare wildly for an instant.

"Mr. Bellows," said the Colonel slowly, "it's a rather unpleasant question, don't you know, but were there any marks on Rhutti Kahn's neck to indicate *how* he'd been strangled?"

"Only a thin, faint, bluish line," answered the ex-prosecutor. "Evidently a silken cord or a handkerchief. It was almost imperceptible."

A soft laugh from the Babu grated on my ear like a file, and the others, too, all looked in his direction.

"Colonel North is think-ing," said he, "of what he has seen in Hind. Eh, am I not r-right? Of the Phansigar?"

North nodded gravely.

"Yes, I *was* thinking of something I had seen, though not, I fancy, of what Doctor Bahbukanda supposes. I believe I once met your chap Jenkins—although, to be sure, I never knew his name. But he had a red beard."

"Indeed!" cried Bellows. "Where? In the West?"

"Hardly," was the reply. "If it was really Jenkins, he had left the West about as effectually as possible—body, mind and spirit."

"What's the answer?" laughed Webb. "Over here, conundrums, you know, are out of fashion. We don't have time for 'em."

"It was in the Punjab," replied North.

"The Punjab!" we exclaimed.

"Precisely," drawled the officer. "The Punjab. It's quite a bit of a yarn. But the thing certainly is jolly queer."

The ship's clock struck two bells.

"Let's have it," exclaimed Bellows.

"It is one o'clock," politely remarked the Babu. "Perchance Colonel Nor-rth is tired."

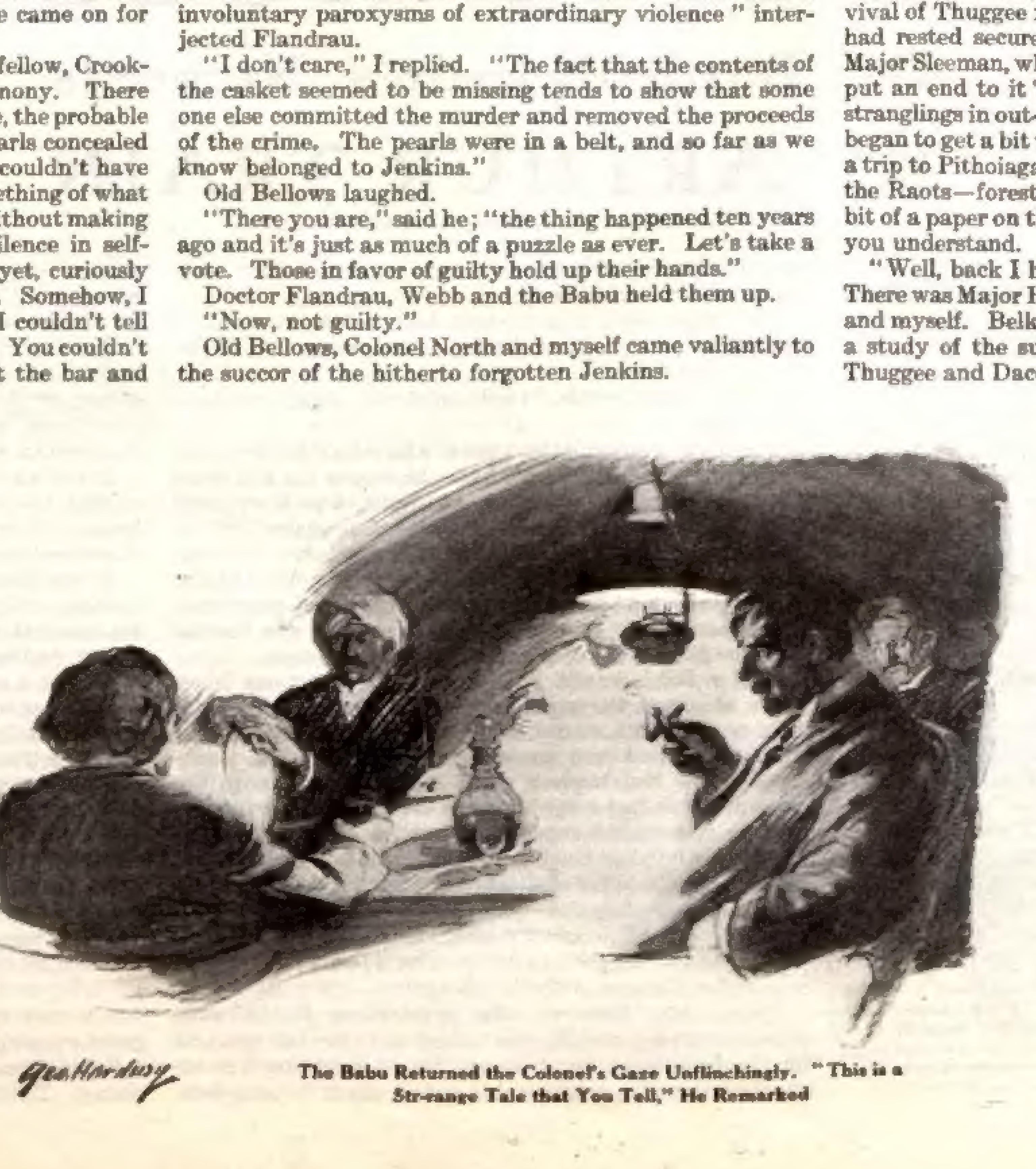
"Not at all, thank you, Doctor," replied North. "The fact is, I knew Rhutti Kahn, too, rather well."

"By George!" shouted Webb. "You don't say! Who was he?"

"Those who didn't know," answered North, "said he was a jewel merchant in the bazar at Lahore. Twice a year he made a journey to buy gems—so he gave out. In reality he was a Thug. You know there was a sort of revival of Thuggee from about '91 to '98. The Government had rested securely on the work of Lord Bentinck and Major Sleeman, who had practically, as everybody thought, put an end to it 'way back in '35. Then came a crop of stranglings in out-of-the-way places and the Secret Service began to get a bit uneasy. I remember, I was recalled from a trip to Pithoiagarh and Askote where I'd been getting up the Raots—forest wildmen, you know—intending to do a bit of a paper on them for the R. A. S. Every little counts, you understand.

"Well, back I had to come to serve on the commission. There was Major Hillhurst, Belknap of the 187th Goorkhas, and myself. Belknap had been selected because he'd made a study of the subject for the Society. He knew every Thuggee and Dacoity report from cover to cover, and was an authority on Ramasi (the Thug secret jargon) and on native worships and occult practices in general. He'd put his conclusions in a report (filed in '88) that caused a jolly lot of talk. He contended that Thuggee, which was a religion, or better, a religious business, could no more be stamped out than Masonry, and the outbursts of the nineties tended to show that he was right.

"We decided to proceed on the Sleeman basis and compel some Kaet to turn state's evidence. From information which we had obtained we were led to suspect Rhutti Kahn. He was arrested, confessed and made what was practically a complete disclosure. It appeared that, while still worshiping Devi or Kali and Bohwanee, the Thugs, originally only Phansigar—stranglers—had taken up new methods, new fetishes, and had, in fact, become assassins and avengers in the more ordinary sense. In addition, the ramifications of Thuggee had spread through all castes and into the highest places. His statements were startling



The Babu Returned the Colonel's Gaze Unflinchingly. "This is a Str-range Tale that You Tell," He Remarked in the extreme. The Thugs still swallowed the *goor* and worshiped the sacred pickaxe, but only in the nature of a ritual and not as an act of immediate preparation as in the old days. Well, he gave us sufficient information to enable us in the course of four or five years to stamp the thing out again—apparently, although to-day I share Belknap's view that Thuggism will last, in some form or other, as long as India. After we had squeezed him dry, we turned Rhutti Kahn loose. We couldn't very well have an execution, out of common decency, don't you know, and, anyhow, we knew the Thugs would take care of that. When did you say Jenkins was tried?"

"Eighteen-Ninety-Five," answered Bellows. "And you think Rhutti Kahn was strangled in revenge?"

Colonel North shrugged his shoulders.

"You said there were two Hindus in the steerage. They always did the trick with a noose."

"One would think you'd be a trifle unpopular with the beggars, yourself," remarked Webb.

North laughed good-naturedly.

"That's what I'm for," said he. "I suppose my work did make me rather a mark, but they never molest Europeans. Anyhow, it's all in the day's work."

"Pity we didn't know this before we tried Jenkins," muttered Bellows. "I never heard of this Thug business. I supposed Thugs grew on the Bowery. Anyway, it's a mere hypothesis. It isn't conclusive."

"But how about Jenkins?" exclaimed Webb.

"Oh, that was ten years later," continued North. "Last summer, in fact. As I said, I don't know that it *was* Jenkins, really—only there could hardly have been two of 'em, don't you know. It was a rum experience, anyhow."

The Babu stifled a polite yawn and looked inquiringly at the clock. Then, as the Colonel began again, he lit another cigarette and poured out a few more drops of soda water.

"It was this way: The 12th. was ordered out to Puydah, just at the edge of the jungle. One morning I pinked a tiger and followed him with my trackers a long distance into the hills. At last we entered a heavy forest growth. On we went for a mile or more and then came flat against a big pile of rocks, through one of the crevices in which the trackers said the tiger had slipped. I left my orderly to watch the entrance of the place and made my way, rifle cocked, around the pile, hoping to make the opposite side of the rock in time for a shot. The land rose a bit as I went on, and, plunging suddenly through the thicket, I found myself in an extraordinarily curious place. Overhead the trees met so as to make a kind of deep twilight. On one side the rock had been roughly piled together into what suggested the entrance to a tomb, with one big slab for a lintel. A fire smoked in the centre of the clearing, before which on his haunches sat a tall man in native dress, with a red beard and staring bright eyes that shifted in my direction and remained glaring at my face when I broke through. He did not speak or rise, and I had only time to see that on a cube of white rock, between him and the door of the cave, lay a small, reddish-black object with what seemed to be fingers, before I heard my orderly shouting faintly, 'Tiger! Tiger!' I turned and crashed through the brush. It took me twenty minutes to find my man and when I had done so the tiger was gone. I don't believe in bothering natives—it never pays—else I should have gone back to look at my red-bearded man. But any curiosity I might have had to do so was balanced by the unpleasantness of the thing on the white stone. He appeared to be worshiping it.

"Three nights later, as I sat reading in my tent—I remember it was sweltering—my servant came to the flap and said a native desired speech with me.

"'What is he like, Sagundar?' I asked in Hind.

"'He is mute, Sahib—accursed by the Gods. He also has a red beard like unto McIlvaney Sahib of the Goorkhas.'

"'Let him approach,' said I, 'and be not distant in case his infirmity extend not to his arms as well.'

"Soon Sagundar held back the flap and in walked my Druid—but a jolly sick one if I know anything of jungle fever.

"'What is thy desire?' I inquired.

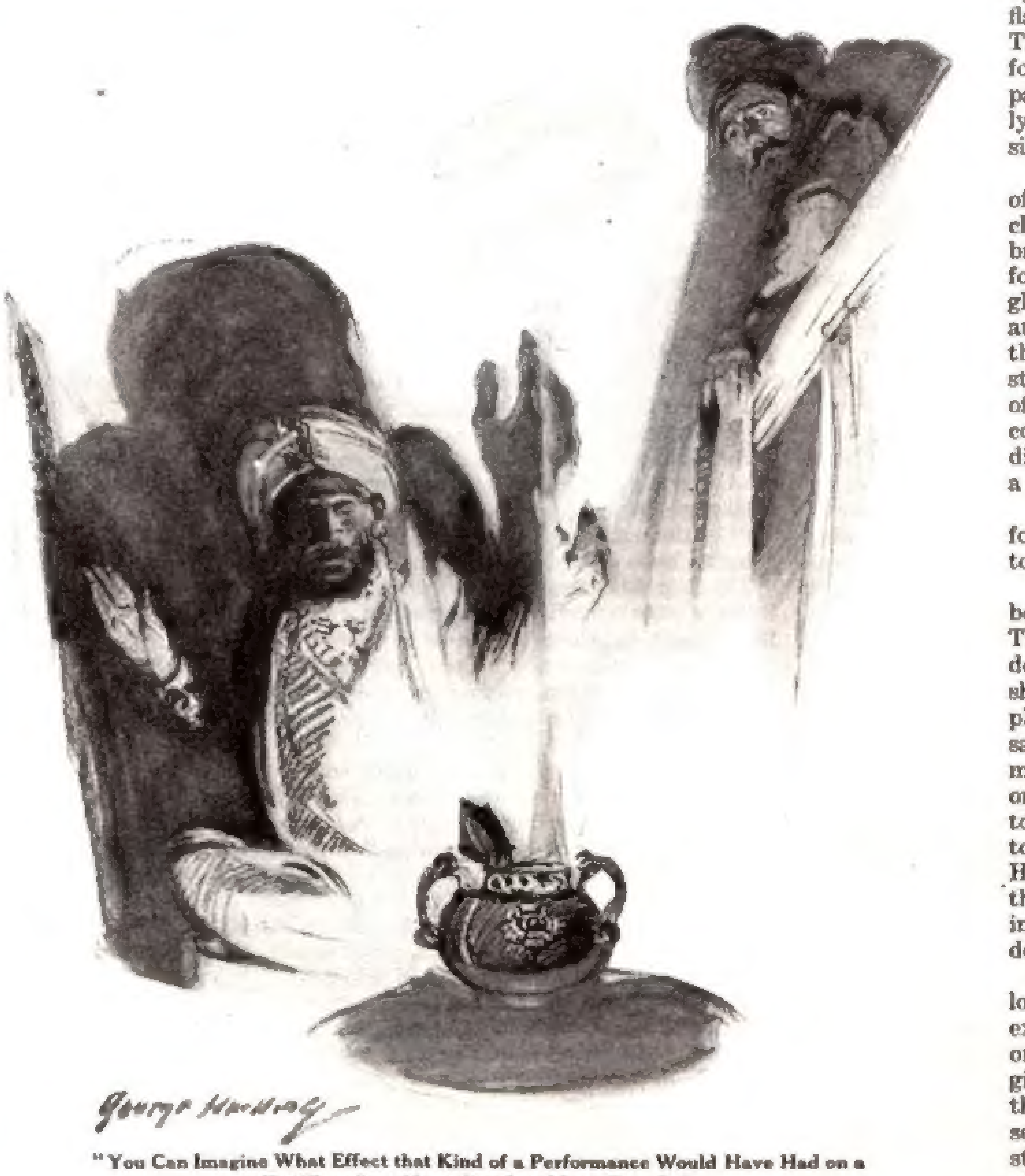
"Sagundar had dropped the flap and my Druid turned to see if we were alone. Then he licked his lips with a curious smacking sound and said:

"'Creosote!'—then: 'English'—then: 'We are white—man.' He held out a skinny hand from beneath his robe and I touched it, wondering what was coming. He seemed to be having great difficulty in articulation, but his next effort was an improvement.

"'I am dying,' said he; 'I ran away from them. They will come back soon and when they find I am gone they will kill me.' He waved his hand in the air and muttered something. Then he suddenly went off his head. He lay in my tent five days, I all the while doing what I could for him out of my medicine-chest. But the stuff that he talked in his dreams was enough to make your head spin.

"From time to time he would mutter the words 'Bohwanee' and 'Kali.' After this he would wave his arms and seem to be going through some rite. 'The goor!' he would cry; 'the goor!' Then he would talk of his 'jemardar.' Again he would call on Siri—Sirima Devata—the goddess of luck. I had a rum time with him.

"He never left his pallet until he died; the fever had gotten into his bones, and his voice was so weak that in spite of his red beard you would have called him an old man. But his eyes told the story, bright and shining, and always fixed on the flap of the tent. I made out that he was an escaped convict, or something of the sort—the victim, as he thought, of a supernatural malevolence.



"You Can Imagine What Effect that Kind of a Performance Would Have Had on a Fat Chap Just About Comfortably to Turn In"

"'Of course,' he would go on in his feeble voice, 'had I known then what I know now, all would have been plain.' He would touch his breast as he spoke—he was often doing that. There was a 'Power' it appeared—spelled with a great big P—an Essence of the Universal Spirit that had played a part in the transaction. He was rather hazy on this aspect of it, and I didn't press him. Anyhow, the fact of the matter was that he had *learned* things—things not to be spoken of, intangible, omnipresent, overwhelming. And these things, whatever they may have been, had crossed his lines of life in the States. You can't imagine how uncanny it was at times to hear this flabby wretch of a man talking, with one hand clutching at his breast and the other gesturing at you in the dimness of the tent. He expressed repeatedly a desire to remove the stain—of being charged with having the blood of another upon his hands. I made out to be *au fait* with the whole rot.

"The fourth night, I found him staring at a shadow on the wall of the tent, his teeth chattering and his arms outstretched in apparent supplication. As I entered he uttered a loud cry:

"'The Hand! The Hand!'

"The shadow moved (it was from a flower placed in a glass of water) and he shrieked again:

"'The Hand! The Hand!'

"Then he seized and clung to me like a child hysterical with fright. I disengaged myself and threw the flower out through the flap and, when he looked up and saw it was no longer there, he laughed and said:

"'Why! You have made it go away!' Just like that: 'Why! You have made it go away!' He seemed to think I had rescued him from something, don't you know. Then, in an incoherent fashion, he poured out a long rigmarole about seeing a Hand for the first time on a ship."

The Colonel paused and helped himself to whisky and water. Outside the rain had ceased and the wind had died entirely away; the room in which we sat seemed hot almost to stifling. The ship's clock struck three loud vibrant notes before he began again:

"The gist of the story was as follows: He had secured important information in Brussels and was anxious to reach New York at the earliest opportunity, and, although he had engaged no passage, made up his mind to get aboard the first steamer that happened to be sailing. In due time the purser assigned him to a stateroom occupied by a Hindu. It was nearly midnight before he decided to turn in, and on entering his room he found his companion there before him. A stick of incense smoked in a copper vase; by it a tiny lamp burned with a blue flame, and on the wall hung a blackish Thing which at first he couldn't make out for the dimness of the light. The Hindu paid no attention to him, and he saw that lying beside his strange roommate was a silver box, open and empty.

"You can imagine what effect that kind of a performance would have had on a fat chap who had just taken a couple of brandies and soda and was about comfortably to turn in. Then he took a glimpse at the Thing on the wall and got another shock. It looked like a *hand*, thin, hairy and gnarled, with the muscles standing out—a rubber hand or a hand of dry hide (for it seemed to change in color, now grayish, now black, now reddish-yellow)—the hand of a monkey or a mummy.

"Jenkins, if it was he, groped shakingly for the door and, springing out, banged it to behind him.

"Then he sought out the purser and begged to be assigned to another room. The purser said the thing couldn't be done—it was the only space left on the ship. He was deaf to all of Jenkins' supplications, threats and bribes. Jenkins saw that there was no help for it—he must go back to the Hindu and the Hand, or sleep five nights on the open deck. He took another drink and wandered back to the stateroom, where he found the Hindu still watching the Thing nailed to the wall. Then he braced himself and inquired of the man what he was doing.

"The Hindu arose to his feet and bowed low. 'The Hand of Holofernes!' said he in excellent English, pointing to the Thing on the wall. 'The Sacred Hand that giveth Life Eternal and Omniscience to the possessor. I bear it with me beyond seas!' Jenkins made sure that he had struck a madman. He couldn't go to sleep with that ghastly Thing dangling over the washstand. The Hindu announced that between sunset and sunrise the Hand must be visible to the human eye. That was the 'Law,' the 'Rule,' which violated meant that its power would vanish and doom the transgressor to destruction. Some ancestor had stolen the Hand from an ancient tomb and it had been a sort of 'Light of Asia', ever since, having been brought to India by Aristocrates, one of Xerxes' generals, after the conquest of Persia. Further, enemies desired it—enemies who would stop at nothing and who were even now planning its capture. But Kali would protect him.

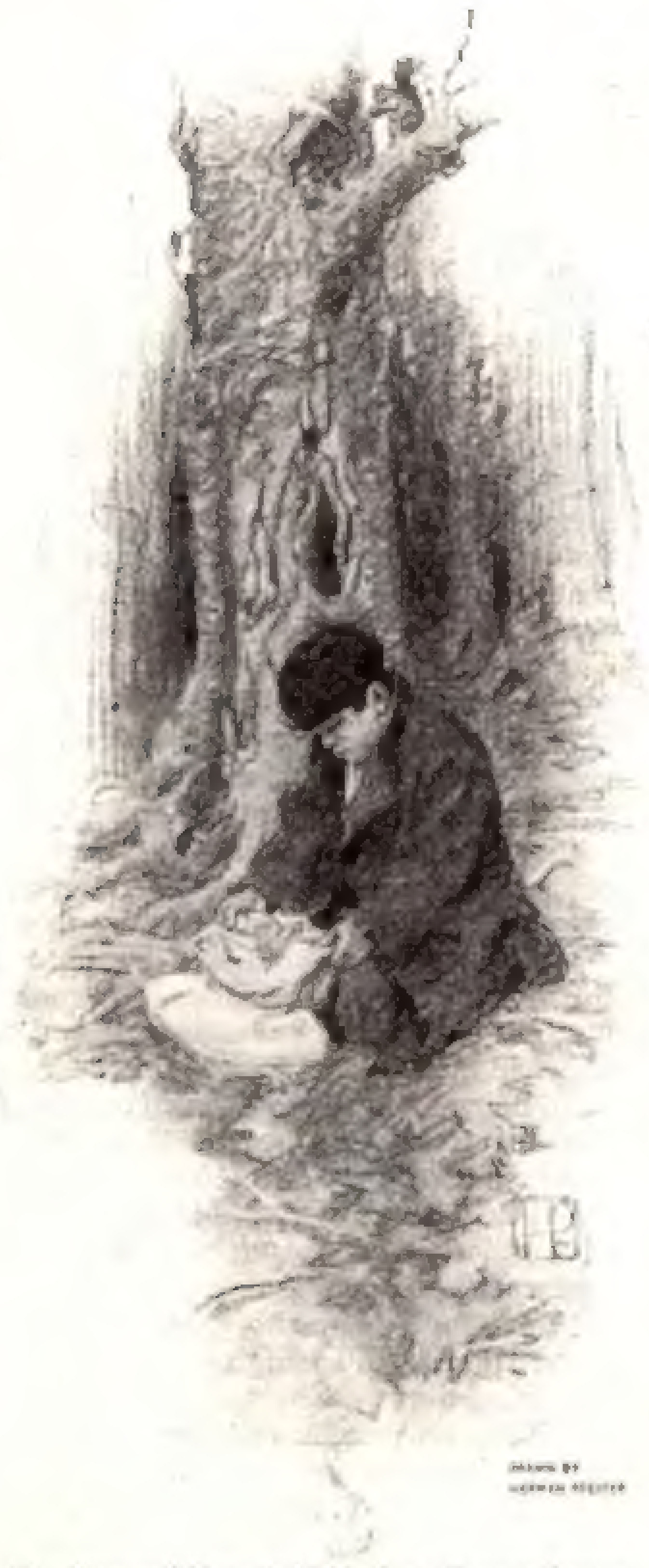
"Jenkins kept his eyes off the withered Hand and made a second visit to the purser, but the situation was hopeless. Clearly he was in for it, Hand, Hindu and all, and as late as he could he sneaked down to his stateroom and, with the Hindu still at his orisons, shed his clothes and climbed into his upper berth. He tried not to see the Thing on the wall, but in spite of him his eyes swung back whenever he looked away. The Hindu extinguished the taper and leaving the little lamp burning crept into his own berth. On the wall, pierced in the centre of the plam, the Hand swung, dangling gently with every roll of the ship. In the faint light the fingers seemed to move and writhe, and at times it looked to poor Jenkins, as he lay there broad awake in his bunk, as if it were striving to leap down from the wall. He turned his back, yet he could see it there behind him clutching—clutching! He tossed for hours, and when daylight began to filter in through the ports fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion, awaking to find it nearly lunch-time.

(Concluded on Page 18)

# Weather Prophets in Furs and Feathers

## A Look into the Weather Bureau of the Lower Animals

### BY NAT WETZEL



The Store of Nuts Laid Up for a Severe Season Was Invariably Larger than When a Mild Winter was at Hand

WE ARE told by the scientists of the United States Weather Bureau that forecasting the state of the weather for more than a few days ahead is still mere guesswork—and no doubt this is correct so far as man's prophetic labors are concerned. However, the little weather "observers" in furs and feathers have strange gifts of prophecy which enable them to make long-distance forecasts with an accuracy decidedly baffling to the human scientist. From earliest boyhood I have been almost constantly associated with hunting people—so much so that a waggish old man in my native place declared that I was born with a gun in my hand. Now, people who hunt are compelled at once to be keen observers of the weather, for the shifting vane on the church spire does not show the change of the wind more nimbly than the creatures of the woods and fields reflect the changes in atmospheric conditions.

Only a few weeks ago I revisited my boyhood home in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and had my first lesson on the powers of animals as weather prophets recalled to me in a most vivid and convincing way. One of the first memories that came to me as I set foot on the old home place was that of my "nut tree," as I called it. Taking my daughters with me, I said to them:

"Now I'm going to show you how I used to get my winter nuts—and get them all cracked and shucked, too."

We tramped through the woods until I reached the familiar spot and exclaimed: "There 'tis, girls—just as it used to be! See the hole up there? That is right at the outlet of a red squirrel's nest. Grandfather helped me tap it the day we located it, and as we took out several quarts of nuts he exclaimed that we were going to have a severe winter. Of course, I asked him to explain why, and he told me that in some way the red squirrels knew when a cold winter was coming, and that the store of nuts laid up for a severe season was invariably larger than when a mild winter was at hand, in which they would be able to supplement their stores with forage from day to day.

"The hole was carefully stopped up again and the squirrels continued to use the nest year after year. And as the nutting season drew toward a close each autumn, I would remove the packing and let the nutmeats fall out into the little sack tied below the hole. The quantity of my spoils varied from year to year, and grandfather's remark made me take especial note of the character of the winter. There was no escaping the fact that the heavy harvest of nuts from the larder of the squirrels always indicated a hard winter, whereas a light, open winter followed a scant supply of nuts from the hole in the old tree."

Of course, I felt obliged to confess that sacking the stores which the thrifty little "reds" had put by was a piece of cruelty excusable only on the ground that I was a boy with all a boy's barbaric cruelty.

Under the title of Weather Folklore, the Department of Agriculture has collected a mass of old weather sayings, and I have found particular delight in going over those relating to birds and animals. As there is not a more interesting way of getting at the weather instinct of the furred and feathered creatures than by a survey of these odd old saws and maxims, let us take a quick and passing glance at some of them as they are presented in this official bulletin:

"When birds of long flight hang about home, expect a storm."—All my experience goes to show that the reverse of this statement is true. Depend upon it, when ducks feed early and begin to fly about in a nervous and restless fashion a storm is on its way. I have observed the truth of this literally hundreds of times, until it has come to seem strange to me that so patent a phenomenon should have escaped the attention of any man who shoots ducks or who lives in a country frequented by them.

Not very long since I was out with a party of hunters in the neighborhood of Corpus Christi, the greatest duck country on the Gulf coast, where millions of teal, mallards, and other varieties spend the winter. The day was mild and clear and every prospect was of peace and pleasantness. To any person not familiar with bird-signs there was everything to indicate a continuance of the delightful weather of the moment and nothing whatever to suggest approaching inclemency, let alone a storm.

But I saw wedges of ducks darting and circling about in the upper air—alighting for a moment, perhaps, and then taking to wing again.

"Gentlemen," I remarked to my companions, "we're going to have a hard storm in the course of a few hours."

This suggestion was received with shouts of laughter and I was at once offered very substantial wagers as a proof of the derision in which they held my powers as a weather prophet. Finally one of them paused to inquire upon what I based my absurd forecast—we had been in camp and out of reach of weather bulletins or signals for several days—and I said:

"Wait for two days and then I'll tell you."

The very next day we caught a regular "Norther" that made us curl up and hug the camp fire. When the storm was fiercest I took occasion to remind them of how the ducks had been flying the day before and to explain my theories regarding birds, animals and weather.

Geese have the same general habits as ducks and are just as sensitive weather barometers as their smaller cousins.

Another old saying has it that when a severe cyclone is near birds become puzzled, fly in circles, dart about impetuously and are easily entrapped. This is no doubt well founded. It corresponds with my own observations and, I believe, with those of lighthouse keepers, who are in favorable position for observation. So many birds dash themselves against the windows of "lights" that the glass has to be carefully protected by strong screens. Of course, birds driven in the teeth of a storm go against the lights, but so do many before they are actually caught by the storm.

"When birds cease to sing, rain and thunder will probably occur."—That may be, and doubtless is, all right as applied to certain kinds of birds, but its application is by no means general. Take the robin, for instance. Who that lives in the country has not repeatedly heard a score of times the cheerful song of a robin when a warm rain was drenching the thirsty ground? Too much importance is also attached, it seems to me, to the saying, "Birds and fowls oiling feathers indicate rain." At first I accepted this theory, but more careful observation brought me to the conclusion that, though they almost invariably oil up before a storm, they do not neglect this part of their toilet in dry weather, and consequently it loses its significance as a weather sign. In the same category I place the tradition that when fowls roll in the dust rain is at hand. In any event, the domestic fowl is an unreliable weather indicator.

Natives of the arid district of Western Texas, where the famous bat caves are located, will tell you that you need have no better storm indicators than these curious creatures. If they are out in force and making the night hideous with their uncanny squeaks, then you may look out for a storm.

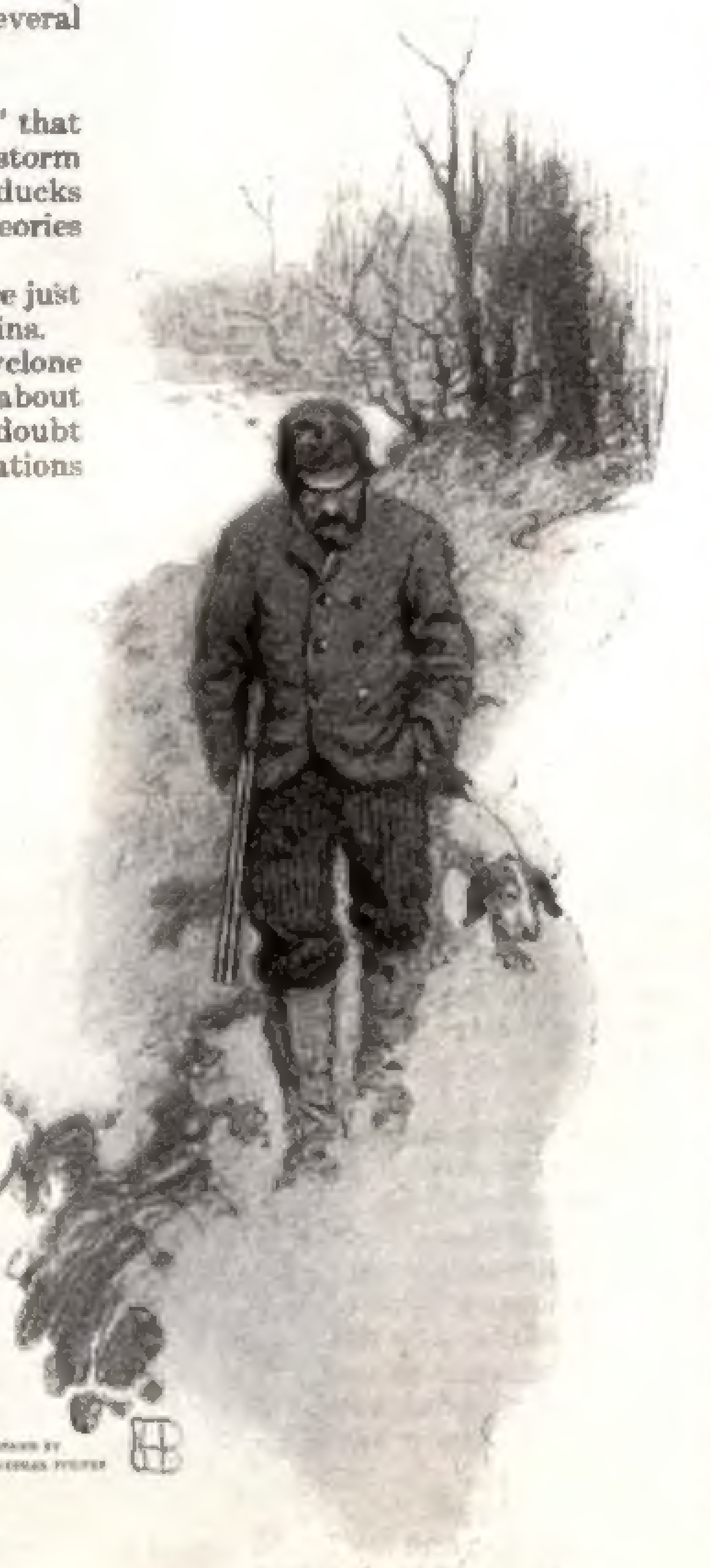
The raccoon is a clever little forecaster, so far as the coming of soft weather is concerned. Time and time again, when there was so tight a freeze that the smaller animals would leave no tracks on the crust, I have heard the "holler" of a coon and remarked: "Things are going to warm up to-morrow, and we'll be able to track coons in the snow." I do not recall a single instance in which that prophecy failed to come true. If the weather is going to keep tight and cold Mr. Coon will lie quiet and snug in his home in a tree; but if there's a "break up" coming he is about the first to feel it in his bones and he just does a little "hollering" to tell the wise ones about it.

"When chimney swallows circle and call they speak of rain" is a saying accredited to the Zuñi Indians; at any rate, it is a shrewd observation and one which a little close observation of these interesting birds will confirm. The crane is a bird which figures prominently in weather folklore. One expression has it that "when cranes make a great noise or scream, expect rain." It is not my observation that the approach of rain stirs up the cranes so much as the coming of cold and sleet. These birds hate the cold and set up a regular powwow when they feel its approach.

Another bird which holds the centre of the stage when it comes to folklore is the crow; but he is such a shrewd, sophisticated and half-human scoundrel that I do not have any confidence in him as a weather prophet, or in any other capacity outside of matching his wits against man's wits. "One crow flying alone is a sign of foul weather, but if crows fly in pairs expect fair weather," may sound very wise, but, for the general reason which I have stated, I attach no weight to it. There is only one movement of the crow which, in my experience, has any weather significance. Immediately before a cold storm the crows will assemble in a thick grove on the sheltered side of a hill. They are partial to a pine grove on the south side of a hill when this does not expose them to the prevailing winds.

"When the peacock loudly bawls
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls."

Here is a saying that will be verified by the experience of thousands of men who have had the advantage of a boyhood spent in the country. I remember that our haying operations, when I was a farm boy, were governed by the behavior of our neighbors' peafowls. If they set up a hollering when we had hay down there was a hustling to get it in and no chances were taken on leaving it out over night. The weather generally verified the adage I have quoted. It is not too much to call the peacock the first weather bureau; he issued his bulletins to the ancient kings when this country had not known the face of a white man.



Rabbits Hate a Cold North Wind, and the Moment One Comes Up it's No Use to Look for a Cottontail on the North Side of a Hill

Blackbirds are fairly good forecasters at short range. If they hold a regular camp-meeting in the rushes or canebrakes when they roost you may look out for a storm next day—particularly if they retire early to their night lodgings.

"If sea fowls retire to the shores or marshes, a storm is approaching."—This is probably true, although I have had small opportunity to watch gulls, petrels and birds of that character. What I do know is that ducks and geese will not strike out into deep water when there is a storm on the immediate program. Rather, they will beat back inland, if possible.

Speaking broadly, an imminent change in the weather is sensed by the birds, and if that change is to a cold storm then the birds become excited and show it by characteristic cries and by a general restlessness. Some sense the characteristics of uncommon weather much further in advance than do others. I have already spoken of the red squirrel as a good long-distance forecaster. Prairie chickens and quail are not far behind him in the display of this remarkable faculty. If I lived in a locality where these birds nest, and if I followed a business in which a knowledge of whether the summer would be wet or dry would be of material advantage to me, I'd go out and make a study of the nests on the prairies. If they were in low places and in the little hollows, then I'd conclude that a fairly dry season was in store; but if the nests were set upon little bumps and hillocks I'd know for a practical certainty that the summer would bring abundant rainfall. Very likely the scientific weather observer who knows all about meteorology and nothing about birds will laugh at this statement; but if he had watched the nesting habits of these birds year after year, and in reference to the amount of rainfall in the weeks and months immediately succeeding the building of the nests, he would know that the instinct of the bird gets a line on the weather in a way that is wonderful.

In my schooldays a favorite pastime of the boys was hunting screech-owls—cutting them out of their holes in trees and stubs. We went forth armed with axes and scouring the slashings. We hadn't been at this very long when I observed that we never found a screecher in a hole on the north side of a tree or stub, and that we seldom chopped into one having a south exposure that did not contain an owl. For a time I kept this interesting observation to myself, and I would never choose as mine any nest not opening to the south.

Day after day the boys would ask, "How is it that you always pick the holes with birds in them and leave the empty ones to us?" Finally I told them: "Because an owl has too much sense to put up with a house that has its front door open to the north wind."

Who that Lives in the Country Has Not Repeatedly Heard the Cheerful Song of a Robin When a Warm Rain Was Drenching the Thirsty Ground?

A hunter who has even a little practical knowledge of the weather habits of animals can bring home game where another would fail utterly. A fox, for example, will shift with the sun. In winter let the sun come out warm of a sudden, and you will look in vain for foxes on the north side of a ridge or mountain. They will be on the south side where the sun strikes warmest. Why? Probably because they enjoy the warmth, but also, no doubt, because they can dodge dogs and throw them off the scent more easily where the tops of stumps, logs and fences are bare—the snow having been thawed from them. Let dogs start out after a fox where the trail is well defined in the snow and they'll run by sight instead of by scent. If the fox is where the sun has melted the snow from the tops of logs and stumps he can make a few high jumps and throw the dogs into confusion—for they do not change their tactics from sight to scent in a second. This clever trick gives the fox more time in which to get away.

Rabbits hate a cold north wind, and the moment one comes up it's no use to look for a cottontail on the north side of a hill; go to the south side and you'll find him waiting for you with his head toward the hole of his retreat.

As a boy I always went after mink, muskrat and skunk whenever a long cold spell was succeeded by a thaw, and generally I was able to get what I went after under those conditions—invariably so when the thaw eventually proved to be the occasion of a spring freshet. These animals will not travel in the daytime unless they feel that their houses are threatened by a flood. Then they will go outside and watch for the waters to rise. I have seen mink doing sentinel duty outside their holes when the water was not within three feet of the front doors to their houses. And they seldom get alarmed when there is no real occasion for it.

Deer are also keen to understand the coming of a flood or even of a wet storm. It is idle to look for them in hollows when a spell of wet weather has started in. They will have reached the ridges and the high spots before the rain—be sure of that!

After a good keen frost has come the hunter should not expect to find prairie chickens in little groups, as in the earlier part of the season. Instead they will, where they are comparatively plentiful, be banded in flocks of fifty to a hundred and will be twice as wild as before, flying high and fast. The gun that gets them then must be far-reaching and accurate and handled by a sure and ready marksman. The frost seems to put wisdom into the heads of these birds and speed into their wings.

# The Incomplete Amorist

## BY E. NESBIT

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*III (Continued)*

A YEAR or two before Betty was born a certain youth of good birth left Harrow and went to Ealing, where he was received into a family in the capacity of Crammer's pup. The family was the Crammer and his daughter, a hard-headed, tight-mouthed, black-haired young woman who knew exactly what she wanted, and who meant to get it. Poverty had taught her to know what she wanted. Nature and the folly of youth—not her own youth—taught her how to get it. There were several pups. She selected the most eligible, secretly married him, and to the day of her death spoke and thought of the marriage as a love-match. He was a dreamy youth, who wrote verses and called the Crammer's daughter his Egeria. She was too clever not to be kind to him, and he adored her and believed in her to the end, which came before his twenty-first birthday. He broke his neck out hunting, and died before Betty was born.

His people, exasperated at the news of the marriage, threatened to try to invalidate it on the score of the false swearing that had been needed to get the boy of nineteen married to the woman of twenty-four. Egeria was frightened. She compromised for an annuity of two hundred pounds, to be continued to her child.

The passion of this woman's life was power. One cannot be very powerful with just two hundred a year, and a doubtful position as the widow of a boy whose relations are prepared to dispute one's marriage. Mrs. Desmond spent three years in thought and in caring severely for the wants of her child. Then she bought four handsome dresses and some impressive bonnets, went to a hydropathic establishment, and looked about her. Of the eligible men there Mr. Cecil Underwood seemed, on inquiry, to be the most eligible. So she married him. He resisted but little, for his parish needed a clergywoman sadly. The two hundred pounds was a welcome addition to an income depleted by the purchase of rare editions, and at the moment crippled by his recent acquisition of the Omiliae of Vincentius in its original oak boards and leathern strings; and, above all, he saw in the three-year-old Betty the child he might have had if things had gone otherwise with him and another when they were both young.

Mrs. Desmond had felt certain she could rule a parish. Mrs. Cecil Underwood did rule it—with a rod of iron. She ruled her husband, too—and Betty. When she caught cold from working all day among damp evergreens for the Christmas decorations, and, developing pneumonia, died, she died resentfully, thanking God that she had always done her duty, and quite unable to imagine how the world would go on without her. She felt almost sure that in cutting short her career of usefulness her Creator was guilty of an error of judgment which He would sooner or later find reason to regret.

Betty was heart-broken, quite sincerely heart-broken. Yet, when the self-tormenting, remorseful stage had worn itself out, she found life fuller, freer without her mother. Her stepfather she hated—had always hated. But he could be avoided. She went to a boarding-school at Torquay, and some of her holidays were spent with her aunts, the sisters of the boy-father who had not lived to see Betty.

She adored the aunts. They lived in a world of which her village world did not so much as dream: they spoke of things which folks at home neither knew of nor cared for; and they spoke a language that was not spoken at Long Barton. Of course, every one who was any one at Long Barton spoke in careful and correct English, but no one ever troubled to turn a phrase. And irony would have been considered very bad form indeed. Aunt Nina wore lovely clothes and powdered her still pretty face; Aunt Julia smoked cigarettes and used words that ladies at Long Barton did not use. Betty was proud of them both.

It was Aunt Nina who taught Betty how to spend her allowance, how to buy pretty things, and, better still, tried to teach her how to wear them. Aunt Julia it was who brought her the Indian necklaces, and promised to take her to Italy some day if she was good. Aunt Nina lived in Grosvenor Square and Aunt Julia's address was most often, vaguely, the Continent of Europe. Sometimes a letter addressed to some odd place in Asia or America would find her.

But when Betty had left school her visits to Aunt Nina ceased. Mr. Underwood feared that she was now of an age to be influenced by trifles, and that London Society would make her frivolous. Besides, he had missed her horribly all through her schooldays, though he had submitted because the aunts told him he must. He had wanted Betty badly. Only, of course, it never occurred to him to tell her so.

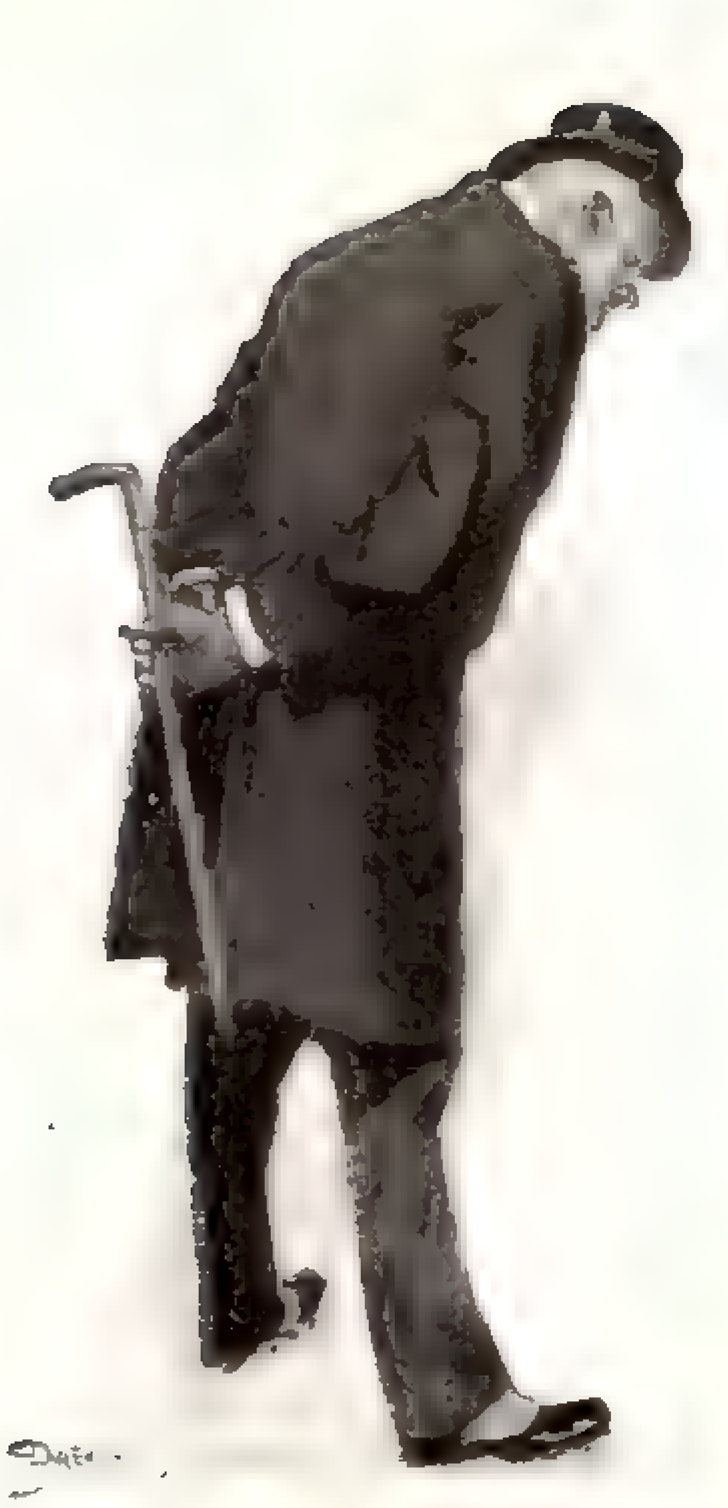
So Betty had lived on at the rectory, carrying on with more or less of success such of her mother's parish workings as had managed to outlive their author, and writing to the aunts to tell them how bored she was and how she hated to be called "Lizzie."

She could not be expected to know that her stepfather had known as "Lizzie" the girl who, if Fate had been kind, would have been his wife and the mother of his child. Betty's letters breathed contempt of parish matters, weariness of the dullness of the country, and exasperation at the hardness of a lot where "nothing ever happened."

Well, something had happened now.

The tremendous nature of the secret she was keeping against the world almost took Betty's breath away. It was to the adventure, far more than to the man, that her heart's beat quickened. Something had happened. Long Barton was no longer the dullest place in the world. It was the centre of the universe. See her diary, an entry following a gap where a page had been torn out:

"Mr. V. is very kind. He is teaching me to sketch. He says I shall do very well when I have forgotten what I learned at school. It is so nice of him to be so straightforward.



The Reverend Cecil Underwood Stood Where He Was Left Till the Man He Had Struck Had Passed Out of Sight

I hate flattery. He has begun my portrait. It is beautiful, but he says it is exactly like me. Of course it is his painting that makes it beautiful, and not anything to do with me. That is not flattery. I do not think he could say anything unless he really thought it. He is that sort of man, I think. I am so glad he is so good. If he were a different sort of person perhaps it would not be quite nice for me to go and meet him without any one knowing. But there is nothing *of that sort*. He was quite different the first day. But I think then he was off his guard and could not help himself. I don't know quite what I meant by that. But, anyway, I am sure he is as good as gold, and that is such a comfort. I revere him. I believe he is really noble and unselfish, and so few men are, alas!"

The noble and unselfish Vernon meanwhile was quite happy. His picture was going splendidly, and every morning he woke to the knowledge that his image filled all the thoughts of a good little girl with gray, dark, charming eyes and a face that reminded one of a pretty kitten. Her drawing was not half bad either. He was spared the mortifying labor of trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Her pretty, conscious dignity charmed him. He stood still to look at it. He took no step forward. His rôle was that of the deeply respectful "brother artist." If his hand touched hers as he corrected her drawing, that was accident. If, as he leaned over her, criticising her work, the wind sent the ends of her hair against his ear, that could hardly be avoided in a breezy English spring. It was not his fault that the little thrill it gave him was intensified a hundredfold when, glancing at her, he perceived that her own ears had grown scarlet.

Betty went through her days in a dream. There were all duties she hated—the mothers' meetings, the parish visits when she tried to adjust the quarrels and calm the jealousies of the stout, aggressive mothers, the carrying round the parish magazine. There were no long hours now. In every spare moment she worked at her drawing to please him. It was the least she could do, after all his kindness.

And, as a beautiful background to the gross realism of mothers' meetings and parish tiresomenesses, there was always the atmosphere of the golden mornings, the dew and the stillness, the gleam of his white coat among the pine-trees. For he was always first at the tryst now.

Betty was too young to distinguish. When she had been sober she had feared intoxication. Now that she was intoxicated she thanked Heaven that she was sober.

### IV—INVOLUNTARY

SIX days of sunlight and clear air, of mornings as enchanting as dreams, of dreams as full of magic as May mornings. Then an interminable Sunday, hot and sultry, with rolling, purple clouds, and an evening of thunder and heavy showers. A magenta sunset, a night working, hidden in its own darkness, its own secret purposes, and a Monday morning gray beyond belief, with a soft, steady rain.

Betty stood for full five minutes looking out at the straight, fine fall, at the white mist spread on the lawn, the blue mist twined round the trees, listening to the plash of the drops that gathered and fell from the big, wet ivy leaves, to the guggle of the water spout, the hiss of smitten gravel.

"He'll never go," she thought, and her heart sank.

He, shaving in the chill, damp air by his open dimity-draped window, was saying:

"She'll be there, of course. Women are all perfectly insensible to weather."

Two mackintoshed figures met in the circle of pines.

"You have come," he said. "I never dreamed you would. How cold your hand is!"

He held it for a moment warmly clasped.

"I thought it might stop any minute," said Betty; "it seemed a pity to waste a morning."

"Yes," he said musingly, "it would be a pity to waste a morning. I would not waste one of these mornings for a kingdom."

Betty fumbled with her sketching things as a sort of guarantee of good faith.

"But it's too wet to work," said she. "I suppose I'd better go home again."

"That seems a dull idea—for me," he said; "it's very selfish, of course, but I'm rather sad this morning. Won't you stay a little and cheer me up?"

Betty asked nothing better. But even to her a tête-à-tête in a wood, with rain pattering and splashing on leaves and path and resonant mackintoshes, seemed to demand some excuse.

"I should think breakfast and being dry would cheer you up better than anything," said she. "And it's very wet here."

"Hang breakfast. But you're right about the wetness. There's a shed in the field yonder. A harrow and a plough live there; they're sure to be at home on a day like this. Let's go and ask for their hospitality."

"I hope they'll be nice to us," laughed Betty; "it's dreadful to go where you're not wanted."

"How do you know?" he asked, laughing, too. "Come, give me your hand and let's run for it."

They ran, hand in hand, the wet mackintoshes flapping and slapping about their knees, and drew up laughing and breathless in the dry quiet of the shed. Vernon thought of Love and Mr. Lewisham—but it was not the moment to say so.

"See, they are quite pleased to see us," said he; "they don't say a word against our sheltering here. The plough looks a bit glum, but she'll grow to like us presently. As for the harrow, look how he's smiling welcome at you with all his teeth."

"I'm glad he can't come forward to welcome us," said Betty. "His teeth look very fierce."

"He could, of course, only he's enchanted. He used to be able to move about, but now he's condemned to sit still and only smile till—till he sees two perfectly happy people. Are you perfectly happy?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't know," said Betty truly. "Are you?"

"No—not quite perfectly."

"I'm so glad," said Betty. "I shouldn't like the harrow to begin to move while we're here. I'm sure it would bite us."

He sighed and looked grave. "So you don't want me to be perfectly happy?"

She looked at him with her head on one side.

"Not here," she said. "I can't trust that harrow."

His eyelids narrowed over his eyes—then relaxed. No, she was merely playing at enchanted harrows.

"Are you cold still?" he asked, and reached for her hand. She gave it frankly.

"Not a bit," she said, and took it away again. "The run warmed me. In fact ——"

She unbuttoned the mackintosh and spread it on the bar of the plough and sat down. Her white dress lighted up the shadows of the shed. Outside the rain fell steadily.

"May I sit down, too? Can Mrs. Plough find room for two children on her lap?"

She drew aside the folds of her dress, but even then only a little space was left. The plough had been carelessly housed and nearly half of it was where the rain drove in on it. So that they were very close together—so close that he had to throw his head back to see clearly how the rain had made the short hair curl around forehead and ears, and how fresh were the tints of face and lips. Also he had to support himself by an arm outstretched behind her. His arm was not around her, but it might just as well have been so far as the look of the thing went. He thought of the arm of Mr. Lewisham.

"Did you ever have your fortune told?" he asked.

"No, never. I've always wanted to, but father hates gipsies. When I was a little girl I used to put on my best clothes, and go out into the lanes and sit about and hope the gipsies would steal me, but they never did."

"They're a degenerate race, blind to their own interests. But they haven't a monopoly of chances—fortunately." His eyes were on her face.

"I never had my fortune told," said Betty. "I'd love it, but I think I should be afraid all the same. Something might come true."

Vernon was more surprised than he had ever been in his life at the sudden involuntary movement in his left arm. It cost him a conscious effort not to let the arm follow its inclination and fall across her slender shoulders, while he should say:

"Your fortune is that I love you. Is it good or bad fortune?"

He braced the muscles of his arm and kept it where it was. That sudden, unreasonable impulse was a mortification, an insult to the man whose pride it was to believe that his impulses were always planned.

"I can tell fortunes," he said. "When I was a boy I spent a couple of months with some gipsies. They taught me lots of things."

His memory, excellently trained, did not allow itself to dwell for an instant on his reason for following those gipsies, on the dark-eyed, black-haired girl with the skin like pale amber, who had taught him, by the flicker of the camp-fire, the lines of head and heart and life, and other things besides. Oh, how many other things! That was before he became an artist. He was only an amateur in those days.

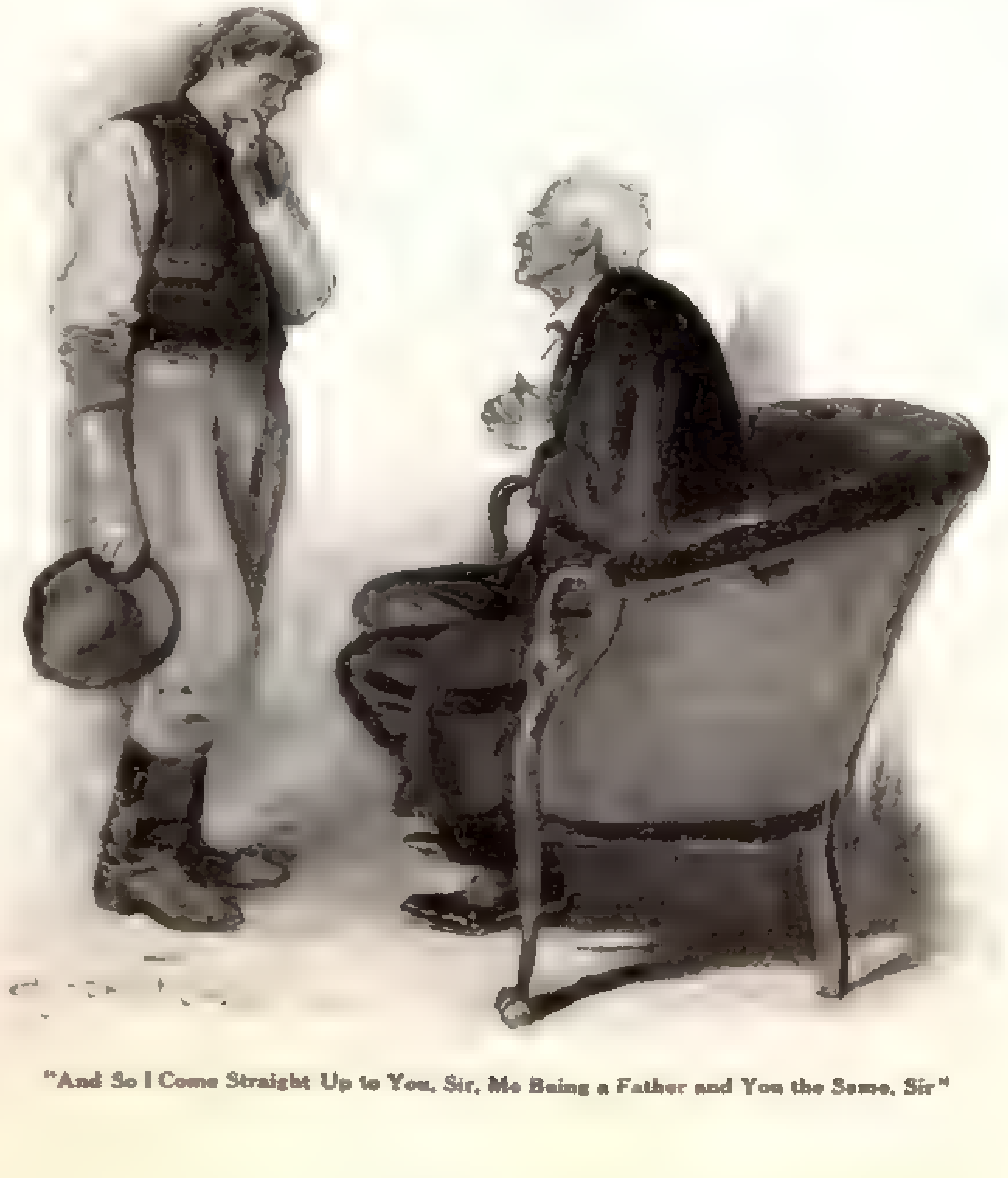
"Did they teach you how to tell fortunes—really and truly?" asked Betty. "We had a fortune-teller's tent at the school bazar last year, and the youngest Miss Smithson dressed up in spangles and a red dress and said she was Zara, the Eastern Mystic Hand-Reader and Foreteller of the Future. But she got it all out of Napoleon's Book of Fate."

"I don't get my fortune-telling out of anybody's book of anything," he said. "I get it out of people's hands and their faces. Some people's faces are their fortunes, you know."

"I know they are," she said a little sadly, "but everybody's got a hand and a fortune, whether they've got that sort of fortune-face or not."

"But the fortunes of the fortune-faced people are the ones one likes best to tell."

"Of course," she admitted rather wistfully; "but what's going to happen to you is just as interesting to *you*, even



"And So I Come Straight Up to You, Sir, Me Being a Father and You the Same, Sir" if your face isn't interesting to anybody. Do you always tell fortunes quite truly; I mean do you follow the real rules? Or do you make up pretty fortunes for the people with the pretty fortune-faces."

"There's no need to 'make up.' The pretty fortunes are always there for the pretty fortune-faces; unless, of course, the hand contradicts the face."

"But can it?"

"Can't it? There may be a face that all the beautiful things in the world are promised to: just by being so beautiful itself it draws beautiful happenings to it. But if the hand contradicts the face, if the hand is one of those narrow, niggardly, distrustful hands, one of the hands that will give nothing and take nothing, a hand without courage, without generosity—well, then, one might as well be born without a fortune-face, for any good it will ever do one."

"Then you don't care to tell fortunes for people who haven't fortune-faces?"

"I should like to tell yours, if you would let me. Shall I?"

He held out his hand, but her hand was withheld.

"I ought to cross your hand with silver, oughtn't I?" she asked.

"It's considered correct—but ——"

"Oh, don't let's neglect any proper precaution," she said. "I haven't got any money. Tell it to me to-morrow, and I will bring a sixpence."

"You could cross my hand with your watch," he said, "and I could take the crossing as an I. O. U. of the sixpence!"

She detached the old watch. He held out his hand and she gravely traced a cross on it.

"Now," he said, "all preliminary formalities being complied with, let the prophet do his work. Give me your hand, pretty lady, and the old gipsy will tell you your fortune true."

He held the hand in his, bending back the pink finger-tips with his thumb, and looked earnestly at its lines. Then he looked in her face, longer than he had ever permitted himself to look. He looked till her eyes fell. It was a charming picture. He was tall, strong, well-built and quite as good-looking as a clever man has any need to be. And she was as pretty as any oleograph of them all.

It seemed a thousand pities that there should be no witness to such a well-posed tableau, no audience to such a charming scene. The pity of it struck Destiny, and Destiny flashed the white of Betty's dress, a shrill point of light, into an eye a hundred yards away. The eye's owner, with true rustic finesse, drew back into the wood's shadow, shaded one eye with a brown rustic hand, looked again, and began a détour which landed the rustic boots, all silently, behind the shed, at a spot where a knot-hole served as frame for the little picture. The rustic eye was fitted to the knot-hole while Vernon, holding Betty's hand, gazed in Betty's face, and decided that this was no time to analyze his sensations.

Neither heard the furtive rustic tread, nor noted the gleam of the pale rustic eye.

The laborer shook his head as he hurried quickly away. He had daughters of his own, and the rector had been kind when one of those daughters had suddenly come home from service, ill, and with no prospect of another place.

"A-holdin' of hands and a-castin' of sheep's eyes," said he. "We knows what that's the beginnings of! Well, well, youth's the season for silliness, but there's bounds—there's bounds. And all of a mornin' so early, too. Lord above knows what it wouldn't be like of a evenin'." He shook his head again and made haste.

Vernon had forced his eyes to leave the face of Betty.

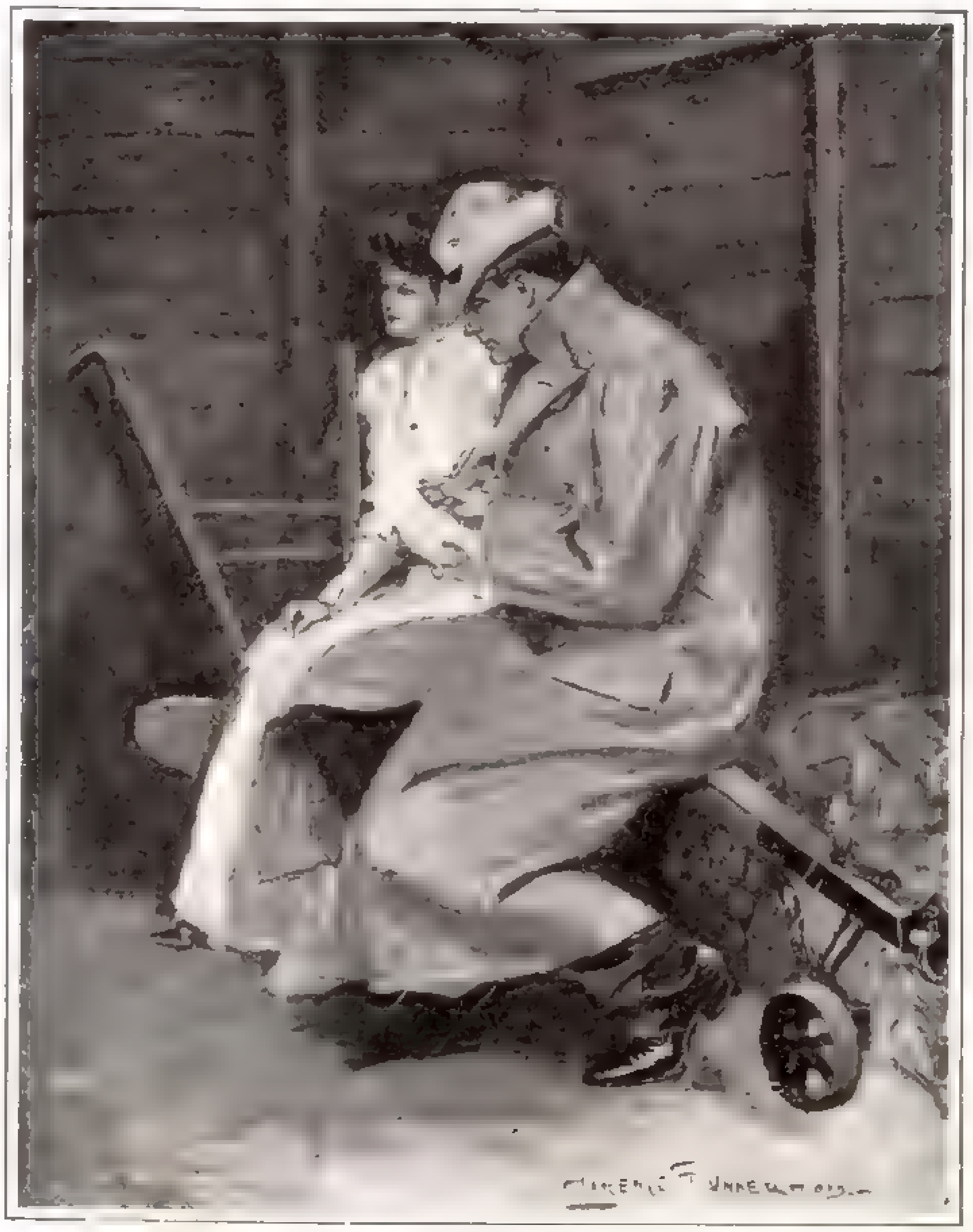
"Your fortune," he was saying, "is, curiously enough, just one of those fortunes I was speaking of. You will have great chances of happiness, if you have the courage to take them. You will cross the sea. You've never traveled, have you?"

"No—never farther than Torquay; I was at school there, you know; and London, of course. But I should love it. Isn't it horrid to think that one might grow quite old and never have been anywhere or done anything?"

"That depends on one's self, doesn't it? Adventures are to the adventurous."

"Yes, that's all very well—girls can't be adventurous."

"Yes, it's the prince who sets out to seek his fortune, isn't it? The princess has to sit at home and wait for hers to come to her. It generally does if she's a real princess."



"You Will Have Great Chances of Happiness, if You Have the Courage to Take Them. You Will Cross the Sea"

"But half the fun must be the seeking for it," said Betty.

"You're right," said he; "it is."

The laborer had reached the park gate. His pace had quickened to the quickening remembrance of his own daughter, sitting at home.

"Do you really see it in my hand?" asked Betty—"about my crossing the sea, I mean."

"It's there; but it depends on yourself."

"I did ask my stepfather to let me go," she said, "after that first day, you know, when you said I ought to study in Paris."

"And he wouldn't, of course?"

"No; he said Paris was a wicked place. It isn't really, is it?"

"Every place is wicked," said he, "and every place is good. It's all as one takes things."

The rectory gate clicked sharply as it swung to behind the laborer. The rectory gravel scrunched beneath the laborer's boots.

Yes, the master was up; he could be seen.

The heavy boots were being rubbed against the birch broom that, rooted at Kentish back doors, stands to receive the scrapings of Kentish clay from rustic feet.

"You have the artistic lines very strongly marked," Vernon was saying. "One, two, three—yes, painting—music, perhaps?"

"I am very fond of music," said Betty, thinking of the hour's daily struggle with the Mikado and the Moonlight Sonata. "But three arts. What could the third one be?" Her thoughts played for an instant with unheard-of triumphs achieved behind footlights—rapturous applause, showers of bouquets.

"Whatever it is, you've enormous talent for it," he said; "you'll find out what it is in good time. Perhaps it'll be something much more important than the other two put together, and perhaps you've got even more talent for it than you have for the others."

"But there isn't any other talent that I can think of!"

"I can think of a few. There's the stage—but it's not that, I fancy, or not exactly that. There's literature—confess now, don't you write poetry sometimes when you're all alone at night? Then there's the art of being amusing, and the art of being—of being liked."

"Shall I be successful in any of the arts?"

"In one, certainly."

"Ah," said Betty, "if I could only go to Paris!"

"It's not always necessary to go to Paris for success in one's art," he said.

"But I want to go. I'm sure I could do better there."

"Aren't you satisfied with your present master?"

"Oh!" It was a cry of genuine distress, of heartfelt disclaim. "You *know* I didn't mean that! But you won't always be here, and when you've gone—why, then ——"

Again he had to control the involuntary movement of his right arm.

"But I'm not going for months yet. Don't let us cross a bridge till we come to it. Your head line promises all sorts of wonderful things. And your heart line ——" he turned her hand more fully to the light.

In the rector's study the laborer was speaking, standing shufflingly on the margin of the Turkey carpet. The rector listened, his hand on an open folio where fat infants peered through the ornamental initials.

"And so I come straight up to you, sir, me being a father and you the same, sir, for all the difference betwixt our ways in life. Says I to myself, says I, and bitter hard I feels it, too, I says: 'George,' says I, 'you've got a daughter as begun that way, not a doubt of it—holdin' of hands and sittin' close alongside, and you know what's come to her!'"

The rector shivered at the implication.

"Then I says, says I: 'Like as not the rector won't thank you for interferin'. Least said soonest mended,' says I."

"I'm very much obliged to you," said the rector with difficulty, and his hand shook on Ambrosius' yellow page.

"You see, sir," the man's tone held all that deferent apology that truth-telling demands, "gells is gells, be they never so up in the world, all the world over, bless their hearts; and young men is young men, d——n them, asking your pardon, sir, I'm sure, but the word slipped out. And I shouldn't ha' been easy if anything had have gone wrong with Miss, God bless her, all along of the want of a word in season. Asking your pardon, sir, but even young ladies is flesh and blood, when it comes to the point. Ain't they now?" he ended appealingly.

The rector spoke with an obvious effort, got his hand off the page and closed the folio.

"You've done quite right, George," he said, "and I'm greatly obliged to you. Only I do ask you to keep this to yourself. You wouldn't have liked it if people had heard a thing like that about your Ruby before—I mean when she was at home."

He replaced the two folios on the shelf.

"Not me, sir," George answered. "I'm mum, I do assure you, sir. And if I might make so bold, you just pop on your hat and step acrost directly this minute. There's that little hole back of the shed what I told you of. You ain't only got to pop your reverend eye to that there, and you'll see for yourself as I ain't give tongue for no dragged scent."

"Thank you, George," said the rector, "I will. Good-morning. God bless you."

The formula came glibly, but it was from the lips only that it came.

Lizzie—his white, innocent Lily-girl! In a shed—a man, a stranger, holding her hand, his arm around her, his eyes—his lips, perhaps, daring ——

The rector was half-way down his garden drive.

"Your heart line," Vernon was saying, "is a little difficult. You will be deeply beloved."

To have one's fortune told is disquieting. To keep silence during the telling deepens the disquiet curiously. It seemed good to Betty to laugh.

"Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor," she said, "which am I going to marry, kind gipsy?"

"I don't believe the gipsies who say they can see marriages in a hand," he answered gravely, and Betty feared he had thought her flippant, or even vulgar; "what one sees are not the shadows of coming conventions. One sees the great emotional events, the things that change and mould and develop character. Yes, you will be greatly beloved, and you will love deeply."

"I'm not to be happy in my affairs of the heart, then?" Still a careful flippancy seemed best to Betty.

(Continued on Page 20)

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## Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Whitewashing always comes off.

¶ Pecks of trouble come in pint bottles.

¶ Only ignorance is afraid to ask questions.

¶ Failure can always get a physician's certificate.

¶ Some men propose by mail and repent by telephone.

¶ Society often makes the mistake of lionizing a cub.

¶ Yesterday's unanswered mail is a mortgage on to-day.

¶ In that Panama game somebody should be given spades.

¶ If they probe the Standard Oil they will probably strike water.

¶ America has no leisure class except those who make the change in the department stores.

¶ When a man is elected to Congress he walks on air. Afterward he can't even stand up without Speaker Cannon's permission.

## Checkers at the Capitol

THERE is a general misunderstanding concerning the foreign policy of the United States. Many people think it means our relations with other countries. This is entirely a mistake. It is, really, a game of checkers between the President and the Senate. If the President gets a treaty confirmed, that counts one for him. If the Senate defeats a treaty, it feels that it has broken into the Presidential king-row. The game has its peculiar etiquette. When the President makes a move, he recites the Monroe Doctrine. When it's the Senate's turn, it has the secretary read Washington's Farewell Address. Neither of these venerable utterances has anything to do with the issue actually at stake.

More than a year ago the President discovered a forlorn little enterprise known as the Republic of Santo Domingo, operated by persons of bad character and horribly in debt. European creditors were talking of taking charge of it, so he impulsively intervened and agreed to have Americans collect the customs duties and apply fifty-five per cent. thereof to the satisfaction of foreign debts. This year he learned that the great Powers of Europe were about to reorganize the equally melancholy State of Morocco, and, with his irrepressible disposition to have a finger in the pie, he appointed some American commissioners to the reorganization committee.

Thereupon the Senate has been thundering, as to Santo Domingo, about superseding the Monroe Doctrine with a Roosevelt Doctrine, and, as to Morocco, about embroiling this country in European politics.

Very likely the President acted unwisely in both cases; but there isn't an American soul outside the District of Columbia that cares a rap about either. Whether we do or do not collect customs in Santo Domingo, or send powerless commissioners to sit in the Morocco conference, is as important as whether the President sits on the right or wrong side of a cow which he attempts to milk on his Virginia farm. The palladium of our liberties is not tottering. The noise and fury mean, simply, that the Presidential-Senatorial checker game is waxing rather hot.

## Legal Ethics—In Jail

THE proposal is seriously made—by an eminent lawyer—that the undeniably low tone of the legal profession be raised by giving courses in legal ethics in the law schools. That is, young men well over the threshold of young manhood are to be solemnly instructed that it is wrong to steal, to lie, to cheat, to procure injustice, to participate in the "divvy" of "swag."

There is another way to the same end. That way leads through the penitentiary—and sending a few "lights" of the profession along it, instead of electing them presidents of bar-associations, would quickly produce the desired effect. As for the way of moral suasion, why not establish the courses in legal ethics in the penitentiaries, as soon as there are enough lawyers there to justify paying a professor?

## Who's Prosperous Now?

SOME minor statistics of an immensely prosperous year throw an interesting sidelight upon the drift of things in the business world. Prices of staples advanced in 1905; but the average gain in the three big staples that the people produce—breadstuffs, livestock and fruit—was very small. You have to go to the third decimal point before it appears. Prices of the big staples that are controlled by efficient organization—provisions, hides and leather, metals—advanced decidedly more. The average gain appears at the first decimal point. The average liability in each commercial failure of the year was $8912, against $11,820 in 1904 and $12,064 in 1903. In short, proportionately it is more and more the small man who fails. The number of commercial failures with liabilities exceeding $100,000 was only 154, against 215 in 1904—a decrease of nearly thirty per cent.—and the number of failures with liabilities under $100,000 was 11,366, against 11,984 the preceding year—a decrease of five per cent. The profit and security of business are being found more and more in combining into big units. Taking all the sales of stocks in New York, the average price per share in 1905 was $87.30, against $69.90 the year before. Practically all of these stocks represent big consolidations in transportation or manufacture. There is no doubt that combination is the real prosperity band-wagon.

## The Faculty on the Gridiron

FOOTBALL is a bad thing for college faculties. Professors are not credited popularly with much business or executive ability. Certainly they have not distinguished themselves whenever they have undertaken to "manage" football by their athletic committees and boards of control. Either they have shamefully winked at improper practices by their youthful athletes, or they have been deplorably deceived by them, time and again—probably the latter. The spectacle of faculty management of intercollegiate sports, no matter how effective it may be, is not exactly dignified. There is always rivalry, more or less open, among institutions of learning, and this rivalry is by no means confined to the student-body. Manifestations of such rivalry, especially when they lead to trickery, are poor enough for callow youth, but they come with bad grace from the professor of mature years. He should not spend his time and his energy in playing the detective upon a rival college, or bickering with it over sharp practices.

Let the college boy go back to his books for a time—and the professor also.

## What is the Popular Will?

CHICAGO has been having some interesting trouble, which is worth considering, because it throws a certain light upon the more conspicuous trouble at Washington.

Nearly a year ago, in Chicago, Judge Dunne stood for the mayoralty on a platform that declared for municipal ownership of the street railways. He was elected by a good majority. At the same time, some aldermanic candidates, whose opposition to municipal ownership was well known, and who had frankly stated their antagonism to that doctrine in campaign speeches, were returned to the City Council by their respective wards. Also, there were hold-over aldermen (half the members of the City Council being elected each year) who were known to oppose municipal ownership.

When Judge Dunne took the office of mayor he assumed that the vote which elected him conclusively expressed the public will, and he immediately demanded that the City Council accept his plans for municipal ownership; but a majority of the Council, who were known to hold other views, and who had been duly elected by their several constituencies, balked. Then the mayor began talking pretty foolishly, in a way to raise the inference that he thought the aldermen who opposed him were dishonest and traitors to the public. The situation grew so acute that a resolution asking the mayor to cease from presiding over the Council was introduced, and probably would have passed but for considerations of courtesy.

Under our system the will of the public often expresses itself in diverse ways. President Roosevelt stood for certain policies and was triumphantly elected; but Senators Aldrich, Elkins, Platt, Depew, Spooner, Foraker and others, whose views about "vested rights" and corporations were perfectly well known, were also duly constituted members of the Senate, holding their certificates from the authorized agents of the sovereign people.

## Exeunt the Plutocrats

SLOWLY, but steadily, we are being drained of our plutocracy. Every few days there is an item in the newspaper, setting forth that so-and-so, famed for wealth, is selling out and going abroad to live. Sometimes news of this kind is a little slack; again, under the stimulus of some painful disclosures, some rude prying into plutocratic private affairs, the exodus booms.

We hear a great deal about checking immigration. Let us hear more about stimulating emigration. If every prosecuting attorney in the United States were to "get busy," how long would it be before we should have waved a tearful farewell to the last of our plutocrats?

## Big Thieves and Little

A CLEVELAND broker forged about a million dollars of bonds—before committing suicide—which is rather surprising, considering the ease with which he could have incorporated himself into a company and issued all the bonds he pleased in an irreproachably legal manner.

The first step in the merger of the New York traction lines, already enormously over-capitalized, was to provide, out of hand, nearly $100,000,000 of additional securities. Under the merger plan $115,000,000 of old stock—all water, if the cost of the joint properties be assigned to the outstanding bonds—is to be exchanged for $205,000,000 new stocks and bonds. So long as the laws permit a corporation to issue all the certificates of value that its fancy may dictate, without any regard to whether the alleged value is behind them, it seems the most foolish superfluity for an individual to lay himself open to prosecution by forging such certificates.

Last year there were issued and listed for sale on the New York Stock Exchange new railroad bonds to an amount exceeding $500,000,000, and the year's sales of railroad bonds, old and new, reached $815,000,000. This is far more than the yearly income of the three big life-insurance companies; far more than any year's accretion to the savings deposits of the country. The greater part of this immense bond output is really sold to the people, not to "Wall Street" or to "magnates"; but it is practically outside the laws. There is nothing except their native modesty, for example, to prevent the traction magnates from turning their new, highly-watered stock into bonds of the same or a greater amount and putting them on the market.

The plea is that the investor must buy a security at his own risk. That, evidently, was the idea of the Cleveland man when he sold the forged bonds.

## Democracy in Education

THE late President Harper was the spirit of democracy in higher education. He will be remembered for this quality when his reputation as a scholar or an administrator has faded. He did his best to place the institution which he created in the front rank of modern scholarship, but he was even more interested in whatever might bring the higher learning to the busy man on the street. His first fame came from teaching Hebrew by correspondence. When the university was established he made correspondence courses and university extension lectures a real part of the institution. He opened a college in an office-building where clerks and teachers might follow the regular courses of the university under college teachers in afternoon and evening classes. Doctor Harper believed in the joy as well as the business advantage of all real education, and with the fervor of a missionary he sought ways to carry this joy into the lives of the busiest and the least favored. His advocacy of university extension and other popular methods of education brought upon him suspicion and criticism from the older institutions of learning. These had the caste prejudice. They did not believe in fragmentary studies. They scoffed at teaching Hebrew and psychology to business men by correspondence; they derided the "quarter system" which enabled the working student to get what he could of college and when he could. Doubtless few scholars of the approved type have been made by these methods. But doubtless, also, the inspiration, the hope of knowledge, has reached many an obscure corner of our country through the efforts of Doctor Harper, and has touched to highest ambitions many a struggler.

# MEN & WOMEN

## How LaFollette Holds On

Senator LaFollette

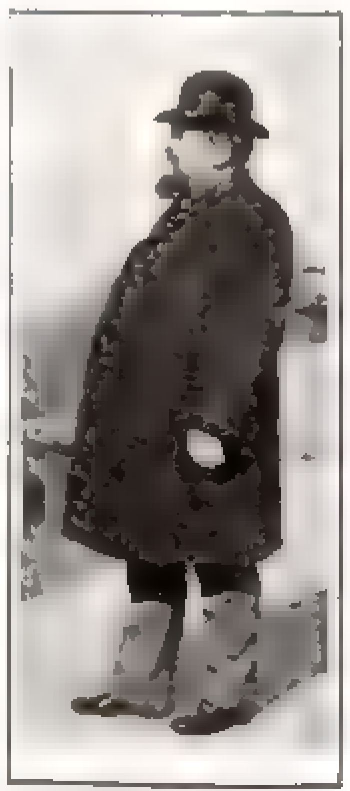
SENATOR LAFOLLETTE'S legs are short, but his head is long—in inches as well as in sense. When he sits down you think he is six feet tall. When he stands you find he is a scant five feet and a half. That makes no difference. A good many short people are tall, and many a tall man is mighty short.

One of the Senator's admirers put it this way out in Stoughton one night during the last campaign he made for Governor of Wisconsin: "Why, say, of course Bob is short; of course he is! Bob ain't no physical giant, as you might say, but, my friend, when he gits up on them stumpy legs of his'n an' you git a sight at that head of his'n an' he begins to talk, why, nobody gives a hoot whether he's five feet tall or fifty."

That about sums it up. When he begins to talk he usually has everybody with him. He is no second Demosthenes, either. There are plenty of men in the United States who have him beaten when it comes to purely oratorical ruffles and frills. The thing about LaFollette's speaking is that he talks like a man with red blood in him. He talks like a sincere man. He talks like an honest man, and, better than everything else, he knows what he is talking about.

They—meaning his opponents in Wisconsin and his critics elsewhere—have called him a poseur, a crank, an actor, a fanatic, and other names that are not so polite. LaFollette grins when the catalogue is recited to him. "They never called me a quitter, did they?" he asks. One involuntarily checks off the various LaFollette designations. Poseur—crank—actor—down through the list. No, is the conclusion, they never did call him a quitter. They couldn't. As a hanger-on, a sticker-to, LaFollette is in the same class with grim death and taxes.

He has courage—plenty of it. He gets out and fights. He speaks up in meeting. Back in the nineties, when he was first a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, he came down to Milwaukee with enough votes pledged, he thought, to nominate him. On the night before the convention his opponents, he says, bought away enough of his delegates to nominate another man. LaFollette tells about that incident on the stump. He speaks about it without any flourishes. He describes the room in the Pfister Hotel where the delegates were taken. He tells who took them there, and how much money, down to the kind of bills, in specific sums, each delegate received. He identifies the bribers. He makes no bones about the identities of the bribed. It is a sensational story. He has been telling it for years. Nobody has denied it. Nobody can. He knows.



Representative J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin

That experience with the machine—which was then, and probably is now, dominated by the railroads—put LaFollette on the track of railroad rate reform and caucus and convention reform. He went from the hall where he was beaten to a law library and began to study railroad laws and taxation laws and all other laws that give the railroads their graft, either directly or by evasion. He started at the first law and went through to the last. Then he began on railroad tariffs. He studied those complicated masses of figures that mean so much to the railroads and so little to the public, unless one of the public wants to distribute something. He found where the rebates lurked. When he was through he knew more about freight and passenger tariffs than any railroad man in Wisconsin.

He utilized that information to his own advantage. During the years he crisscrossed the State campaigning for railroad rate regulation and nominations by the direct vote of the people, he spoke constantly on the iniquities of the prevailing customs. He knew his people. He did not try to impose theories on them. He dealt in facts. His principal lever was that the State was losing millions every year in taxation. That is concrete enough for any taxpayer. It penetrates. At a meeting of farmers he did not waste any time on generalities. He preached no sermons from the text: "If the railroads will be good we shall all be happy." No, indeed. Instead, when he came to the rate part of his speech, he walked out to the edge of the platform and asked: "How many of you men ship hogs to Chicago?"

Half a dozen or fifteen or fifty men shipped hogs to Chicago. They rose and said so. LaFollette asked them to remain standing. "Then," he said, digging back into his head for that freight-tariff information he had put there by his years of study, "then you pay so much a car-load for transportation. Am I right?" He was always right. The farmers told him so. "Yes," he continued, "and if you shipped the hogs from Davenport, Iowa, or Cairo, Illinois, or some other point equally as far as this from Chicago, you would have paid so many dollars less a car-load."

He told why. Freight rates were regulated there, to a degree. The farmers believed him. They had to. He had exact knowledge. When he finished that speech he had those farmers with him. He got down to bed-rock with them and showed them where they were losing money. That is the greatest argument in the world.

He won his fight, finally, and passed his laws. He was elected last time in spite of a wide-open split in his own party. He did not care for that. When the stalwart Republicans deserted him he carefully went after the Democrats and corralled them. Then he came to the United States Senate. It is not likely he will ask the Senators how many of them ship hogs, but he will ask some equally direct question when he gets to debating, and he will know, every time, whether the answer is right.

It is a curious term of reproach, that word actor. A great many men are called actors who cannot act at all. Also, many a man who is acting every minute of the day goes through life with nobody knowing it but himself. Everybody is an actor, more or less. The good ones know it. The poor ones do not. LaFollette deserves the term. He is on the stage all the time. They cannot move the spot-light too rapidly for him. He is there, in the calcium every second.

At three o'clock one morning, late in October, he came into a little room in a little hotel in one of the farming villages of Wisconsin. He had been driving in the cold autumn rain since seven o'clock the morning before over—or through—roads hub-deep in mud. He had made five speeches, with little to eat, and had another day's hard campaigning before him. He was to talk, in that room, to one man about himself, his campaign, his hopes, his plans. He talked. As he talked he posed, strutted, was dramatic, emotional, passionate, artificial as a china egg. That was the actor side of it. What he said was clear-cut, courageous, hopeful, earnest. That was the real side.

Everybody in Wisconsin calls him "Bob." He cultivates the familiarity. He is the master of the glad hand. He wants his friends to be friendly. He lambastes his enemies without fear. Of course, he is a politician, and he gets all the support he can. He does no lambasting if there is a chance to secure the vote of the logical lambastee. Still, he doesn't go fishing where the fish won't bite. And his personal followers follow. There is no faltering in the ranks.

LaFollette has ambitions. He fosters them, like every other human. He wants to be President and is working with that end in view. He is an earnest reformer, but he never fails to put in a few licks for LaFollette while he is reforming. Perhaps he would not agree with this statement. He is an actor, you know. It stands. It is his business to make his mission seem as real as possible.

They are wondering what he will do in the Senate, but, really, there is nothing to wonder about. He will jump in when he sees a chance—and he can see a chance as far as any man—mix in the railroad rate movement as much as possible and take an axe to Senator Spooner, his colleague, if the opportunity for a scientific chopping match presents itself. He has been made chairman of the Committee to Investigate the Condition of the Potomac River Front at Washington. That sounds imposing, but it is a joke. It is only there because there must be enough committees to give each Senator a room for an office. Pretty soon he will slide along to other and better places. He is on Census, Immigration, Indian Affairs, Pensions and a few others where he will get acquainted with Senate methods and have a chance to do all the work he needs or desires. There is no doubt that he will find the centre of the stage in due time.

He got as far as he could as Governor. He expects to go further as Senator. He may or may not, but he will keep trying. Meantime, he will live on vegetables and milk, will study Hamlet for recreation and will always keep his halo on straight.

## Senator Hale as a Humorist

IN THE crowded closing days of the last session of Congress, when everybody was rushed to death and the nights as well as the days were given to law-making, Senator Hale, of Maine, met Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, in one of the corridors of the Capitol.

"By the way, Spooner," said Hale, "I hope you will be here to-night. Some matters that are of vital importance are to come up. We shall need you on the floor."

"I don't think I can attend to-night," Spooner replied. "I have a long-standing engagement to take Mrs. Spooner to dinner at a friend's, and she insists that I must go."

"Tut! tut! Spooner," Senator Hale protested. "That is not the proper patriotic spirit. Why, man, we need you here. You must break your engagement and do your duty to your constituents. No Senator should think of a dinner-party on such a night as this."

"Well," Senator Spooner said hesitatingly, "I will try to get out of it. Maybe Mrs. Spooner will release me. Of course, I appreciate the force of your remarks, and I think I can arrange it to be here."

He went to the telephone, called Mrs. Spooner, explained the situation to her and told her to go to the dinner without him, as he was compelled to remain at the Capitol.

About midnight, after an exhausting session, and with some hours of work ahead of him, Senator Spooner called his wife again.

"Did you have a good time, my dear?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "It was a very delightful affair."

"Who took you out to dinner?" inquired the solicitous husband.

"Why," said Mrs. Spooner, "I went out with Senator Hale."

## Babcock's Cook

REPRESENTATIVE JOSEPH W. BABCOCK, of Wisconsin, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, has a lake in the northern part of his State where he goes to fish.

He was out with his guide and cook one morning and some friends came along in another canoe. Babcock had been fishing industriously for several hours and had caught nothing.

The friends stopped to chat. The talk turned on cooks. "Is your man a good cook?" they asked of Babcock.

"You bet he is," replied the cook himself, with a scornful look at the bare bottom of the canoe and a world of contempt for his employer's angling ability in his voice. "You bet he is—when he has anything to cook."

## The Hall of Fame

℄ General Bates, the new head of the army, is the first bachelor to hold that position in fifty years.

℄ "Do the people out West still believe in the President as they did at the time of the last election?" a visitor to New York was asked by a friend. "Believe in him? I should say they do! Why, if he should order the Washington Monument torn down they would say the blamed old thing ought to have been round instead of square, anyway."

℄ Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who acquired great fame as a long-distance talker in the closing hours of Congress in 1901, when he held the floor in the Senate for twelve hours and killed the River and Harbor bill, was making a speech at a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington one night. The Senator rambled on and on. Finally, some one inquired mildly: "Do you think this is a River and Harbor bill?" The Senator sat down.

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin

℄ Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the Vice-President, is determined to uphold her social position as Second Lady in the Land. The number of receptions, teas and dinners she and her husband have given has amazed even Washington, accustomed to that sort of thing as the city is. A restaurant man at the Capital calls his two establishments "A Place to Eat" and "Another Place to Eat." The younger folks in Washington now refer to the Fairbanks mansion as "Still Another Place to Eat."

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# PLAYER FOLK

Margaret Wycherly as Lydia Carew in Cashel Byron's Profession

### Pugilist and Poetic Actress

MISS MARGARET WYCHERLY has hitherto been known as the leading representative in America of the Irish literary movement in the drama, and has been highly praised for her performances in the plays of W. B. Yeats. Since Miss Edith Wynne Matthison appeared in Everyman no actress has made an impression at once so profound and so poetic. It is quite in the line of her artistic development, accordingly, for her to assume the leading rôle in a dramatization of Bernard Shaw's novel, Cashel Byron's Profession. Yet there is an appearance of incongruity in the fact that the profession in question is that of the prize-fighter, and that the leading part in the play is acted by none other than the ex-champion pugilist, James J. Corbett.

To her friends, however, Miss Wycherly has confided that Mr. Corbett deserves his title of Gentleman Jim on the stage no less than in the ring. Never in all her experience, she says, has she "played opposite" a man who is more unmistakably courteous and of sound instincts. More than this, she bears testimony that he is a most painstaking devotee of his new vocation. When the first rehearsal was called, the members of the company, in the good old spirit of laziness and indifference, had merely glanced through their parts, trusting to experience to teach them with the least effort. Mr. Corbett, on the other hand, was letter-perfect, and keenly interested in the rendering of each speech.

In his preface to his dramatization of the novel, Mr. Shaw pokes fun at the report from America that, when Mr. Corbett first produced the play some years ago, he took himself quite seriously as an actor. He must now be convinced, however, that the ex-champion is no less "scientific" than in his first love of the muses—or such at least Mr. Shaw would call it, for he argues that prize-fighting is an art, though an evil one.

### Saving the Life of a Fairy

RICHARD MANSFIELD, as a good many people know, is an actor, and his wife, formerly Miss Beatrice Cameron, was for many years his leading lady. But until the other day they had never allowed their seven-year-old son, Gibbs, to go to a play. Then Mrs. Mansfield took him to see Maude Adams in Barrie's phantasy of childhood, Peter Pan.

Young Master Mansfield is largely endowed with his father's imagination and temperament, and followed the play with bulging eyes, until the pirates came on and threatened the life of Peter and his band in the Never-Never-Never Land. Then, in terror, he covered his eyes with his fingers. But he followed the play, nevertheless, for when Miss Adams came forward to the footlights and begged the audience to save the life of Tinker Bell by saying that they believed in fairies, he hung over the railing of the box and shouted in a childish treble: "I believe in 'em! *I* believe in 'em!" His manner was so scared and his voice was so earnest that he drew the attention of the entire audience, and the story was reported in the papers, though nobody knew who the hero of it was.

On the way home in the carriage Master Mansfield was in a state of jubilant exaltation, clapping his hands at intervals and exclaiming: "I saved the life of a fairy! I saved the life of a fairy!"

### The Artistic Conscience

LET those who deny low comedy a place among the arts consider the case of Marie Dressler. After the first performance of Joe Weber's new frolic, "Twiddle Twaddle," the loyal friends of his little playhouse had the usual jollification, with whole gardens of flowers and no less florid speeches of congratulation to the members of the company. When Miss Dressler responded to her share of the ovation, her abundant physique, which she had contorted into antic after antic of convulsing burlesque, drooped with diffidence; and her face, which all evening long had been an inspiration to broad, wholesome laughter, was worried and anxious,

"You are all too good," she pleaded. "I shouldn't say a word if I thought I deserved half of this. But the fact is, I feel that my performance has been a failure. All I can say is: I tried as hard as I could."

That was no idle jest. In the chorus of one of the songs, a trio, she had burst into a dance with such violence that she sent little Weber rolling against one leg of the proscenium arch and lank Bigelow sprawling against the other. Seeing her now downcast, her friends shouted words of reassurance, but she was unconsoled. The next day the critics, who had left early to catch the mail editions, were unanimous in the opinion that she alone had saved a generally dull occasion from disaster. In all probability, Miss Dressler felt that her performance lacked artistic reserve.

### The Dean and the Fool Girl

SINCE Aristocracy, in 1893, Bronson Howard has produced nothing, and it is generally supposed by his old admirers that he is a very sick man. He used to be very far from well, and more than once was thought to be past recovery; but, as he says, he woke up to the fact that the chief trouble with him was the doctors, since which awakening he has been in excellent health and spirits. He has been associated with every sensible movement to advance the drama, and is a familiar figure at first nights in New York, especially when the play and the acting promise well. He is, moreover, most sympathetically interested in all novices in the art theatric. The matinées of the schools of acting are not always inspiring from the point of view of high art; but he is frequently to be seen with a party in a proscenium box when pupils put their best foot forward. In a word, he is in fact as well as in title the Dean of American Dramatists.

In addition to his knowledge of the English drama, which is vast, he is a close observer of what may be called the history of the English audience—a study the importance of which only the practical man of the theatre can understand. Thus he can tell you the decade in which people in the theatre ceased to require that a villain, if he was not punished by death, should be represented at the end as repentant and reformed; and he can name the plays which first represented wicked people persisting in sin, as they do in life.

One of his most interesting topics is what he calls "the fool girl in the drama." A decade or two ago, he says, the fool girl was what Goldsmith called a lovely woman who stooped to folly and learned too late that men betray. It took audiences a long time, he says, to find out that such a woman was first and last deficient in character, and thus not a fitting subject for important treatment. In the drama of to-day she appears in a modified form—the wife who allows herself to be lured from her lawful husband. In France, he admits, the state of marriage and divorce give such a woman some appearance of real interest, but in America she is only a fool girl, and people are finding her out.

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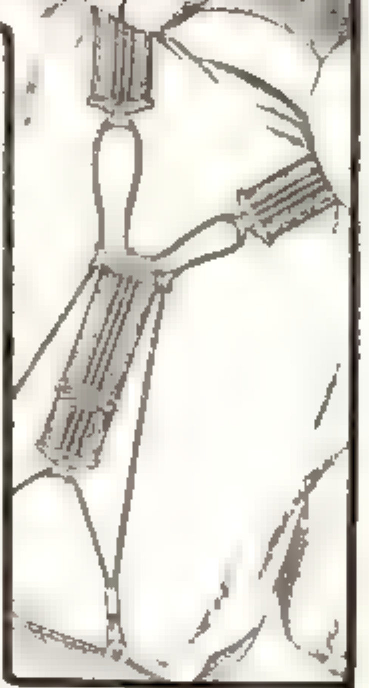

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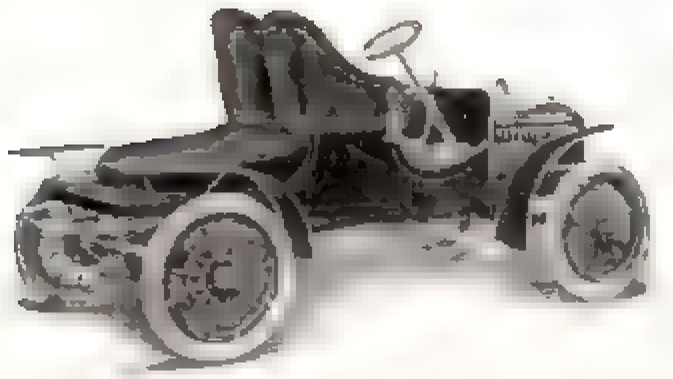

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# The Faithful Legion

*(Concluded from Page 5)*

The Seddon home was one of the most delightful imaginable. They had a full quiver of children—and a happier or a more refined home could not be found in all America. Thomas Nelson Page must have had in mind just such a home as this when he wrote his poem, Uncle Gabe's White-folks. Uncle Charles was as near as any servant may be the head of this establishment, for both master and mistress were more or less invalids, and the principal burden of administration fell upon him. I think he called himself "Charles Bruce," but he was so seldom referred to otherwise than as Uncle Charles by white and black, old and young, that any other title was mere surplusage.

In appearance, in manners, in speech, Uncle Charles revealed his character as if it were an open book. Of dark brown complexion and medium size, he was always scrupulously neat in his attire. His movements were alert, vigorous, but almost noiseless. His face was open, often smilingly deferential in its expression, but without the least trace of offensive obsequiousness. His manner to strangers was perfect. At the door he greeted them with Chesterfieldian grace, expressing without saying it: "Welcome to *our* home. So long as you are here it is *yours*." During a stay the visitor found his least desire for comfort often anticipated by Uncle Charles, and saw in his face the constant inquiry: "Is there anything else I may do for you to add to your enjoyment?" He knew how to speed the parting as well as to welcome the coming guest. The last word was spoken at the carriage-step by Uncle Charles, and generally it was some flattering courtesy or courtly message of respect to an absentee, for Uncle Charles knew everybody. Even the lordly way in which the fine old fellow pocketed his tip, with a profound bow, robbed the vulgar scene of its sordid aspect, and elevated it to the dignity of a passing courtesy between friends.

When Dahlgren's troopers sacked and burned Sabot Hill in 1863, Uncle Charles remained and battled for his master's rights. They burned the barns and stables and outhouses, but his devotion did much, no doubt, to save the mansion. Amid all the throng of these old worthies, if I were called upon to name the individual who was in my opinion the finest specimen, I would award the palm to Uncle Charles.

Years afterward we met in the public square in Richmond. I did not recognize him as he approached, but when his face rippled into a smile, and he made his bow, there was no mistaking who he was.

"And how does the world serve you, Uncle Charles?" I asked.

"Thank you, sir," said he, bowing in his old courtly way—"Thank you, sir, pretty well. Better than I deserve, no doubt."

"Why, you ought to have no difficulty in securing a fine position," I said.

"Ah, sir," he said, "I have a place, good enough in its way. But the water has passed my mill, sir. Those I loved and understood, and who understood me, have passed away. I am too old-fashioned and too slow for modern ideas, sir. The younger generation run over and trample me, sir. I am an old man whose day is passed—waiting to die. Oh, yes, sir, I know what I have gained and what my race has gained, but I know what I have lost also. I was happier at Sabot Hill than I shall ever be again. Freedom did not free me. I was as free then as man could make me. And I fear, sir, that many another it seemed to free has been injured rather than benefited by the change. Thank you, sir, thank you," said he, pocketing the trifle I gave him, with his old-time courtly bow. "But it's all in God's hands. He knows best why He has afflicted His servants." And away he hobbled into the atmosphere of that freedom which to him did not seem to be such an intoxicating delight after all.

In a few years those who remember these things will have passed away. The tender memories of affections which knit the races then will be obliterated. Those born since the bloodshed begot by racial antagonisms and grown up with hatred and fear of each other in their hearts, will need stories like these to soften them, and when I think how much of those other feelings they see and feel, and how little of these they know and hear, I tremble for the future. But, when that time shall come, the old masters and the old slaves of whom I write will be sleeping together, unvexed by the troublous race problems of this little planet of to-day or to-morrow.

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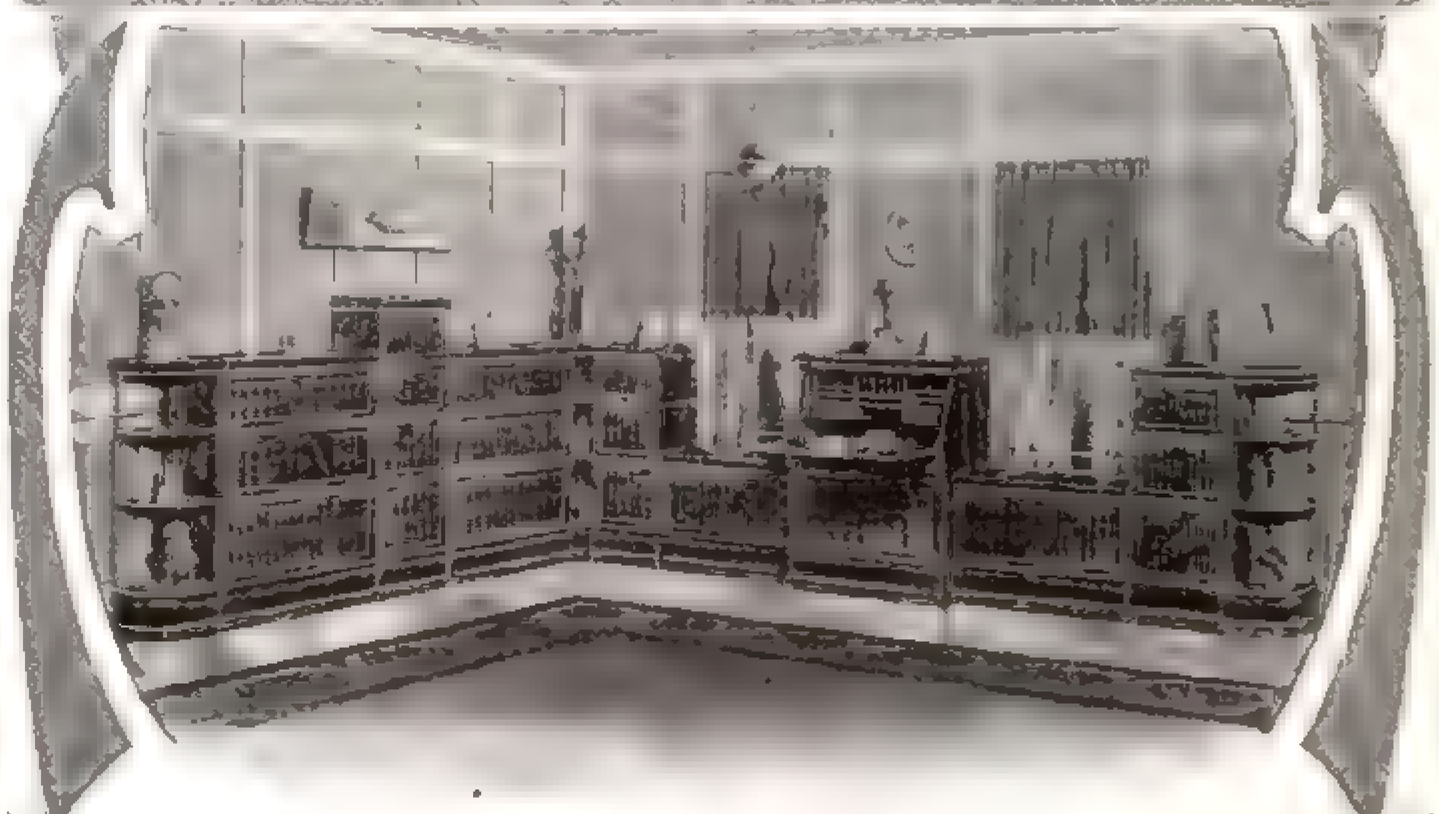

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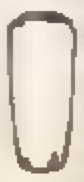

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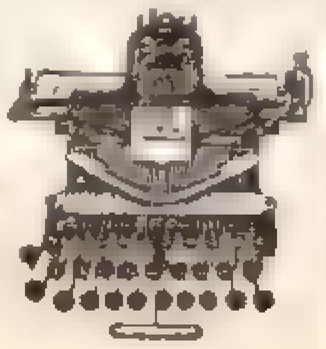

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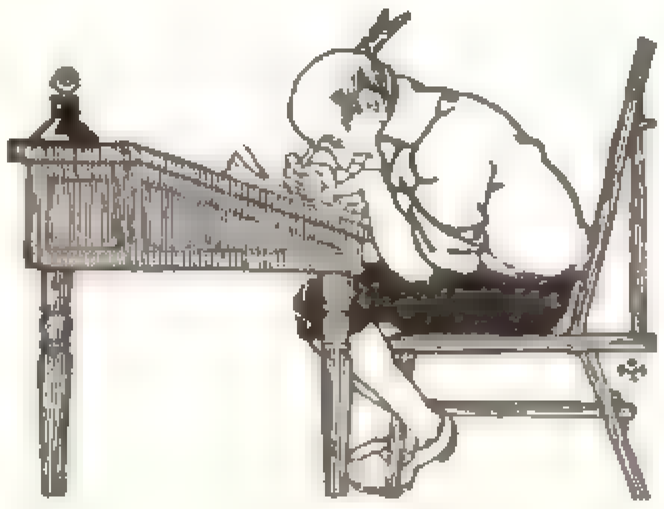
# SENSE AND NONSENSE



### Nile-ism

'Twas morning on the River Nile
Along the lotos meres,
And the frugal mother Crocodile
Was shedding timely tears.
An Ibis bird her moanings heard
And shyly bit his nails,
But the merry baby Crocodiles
Sat playing with their tails.

"Our summer homes are catacombs,"
Repined the Crocodile.
"Old Egypt's pride is mummified
Along the sleeping Nile.
And tell me, please, can Rameses
Revel again?" she said.
But the Ibis kind cried: "Never mind —
He's been a long time dead!"

"'Midst statues stiff and hieroglyph
Where buzzed the sacred scarab,
Where Cleopat in state once sat
Now squats the greasy Arab.
The jackal rooms in Cheops' tombs —
I hope you catch my point?"
"Oh, yes, indeed!" the bird agreed;
"The times are out of joint."

"The sacred reed has gone to seed—
My last, my bitter cup!"
(In this brief pause she snapped her jaws
And chewed the Ibis up.)
"Most cherished friend, I mourn your end!"
She sobbed with broken wails;
But the merry little Crocodiles
Sat playing with their tails.

*—Wallace Irwin.*

### "Been, Gone and Done It"

JOHN C. BELL, District Attorney of Philadelphia, told a good story recently on Justice John P. Elkin, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, which, he said, happened when the two lawyers were schoolmates in Indiana County.

"John," said the District Attorney, "was a stubborn youth, and the teacher had all kinds of trouble with him. I remember he insisted upon saying 'have went,' and, to correct him, the teacher compelled him to remain after school one day to write 'have gone' three hundred times.

"After scribbling 'have gone' until his hand ached, John appended this note to the bottom of a sheet of paper:

"'I have done my work and have went home.—J. P. E.'"

### In the Wrong Clothes

WHEN President McKinley had his first Cabinet function, after he was inaugurated, a member of that Cabinet—it wouldn't be fair to name him—appeared in a dinner jacket and a pair of striped gray trousers.

Everybody noticed his strange apparel, but nobody said anything about it. Next time he came in the same rig. It was serious then.

The matter was taken up at a Cabinet meeting when this member was not present. It was discussed gravely. Nobody wanted to hurt the absent member's feelings, but all thought he should wear full evening dress and should be told what the conventions prescribed. President McKinley called for volunteers. Nobody responded. Then it was decided to ask Vice-President Hobart, a man of the greatest tact, gently to tell the offending member how to dress.

Hobart took the job. He called a few mornings later. "I have a most delicate matter to discuss with you," he said. "You know we all recognize you as one of the President's closest friends. We want you to go to him for us."

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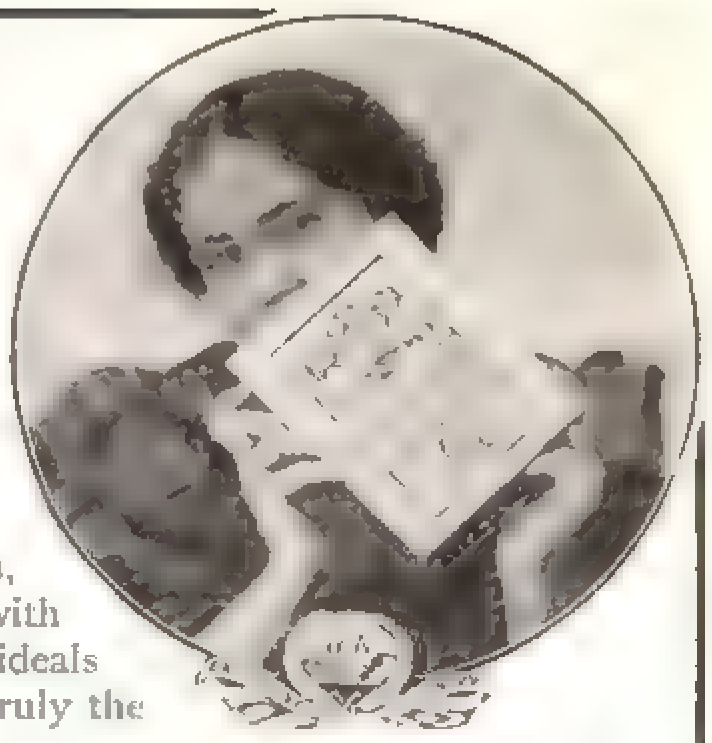

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"What about?" asked the flattered Cabinet member.

"Why, the President has appeared at several functions in a dinner coat and striped gray trousers. Now, that isn't right. Every person at a White House function should wear full evening dress. You know how that is—spike-tailed coat, dress vest, black trousers and white tie. We wish you would call this matter to the attention of the President in your well-known tactful way and get it straightened out."

"No, sir, I won't do it," the Cabinet member replied. "You will have to do that yourself."

Mr. Hobart took the matter under advisement, and the Cabinet member never wore gray trousers at a White House function after that.

### The Little Chap's Faith

It's a comfort to me in life's battle
　When the conflict seems all going wrong,
When I seem to lose every ambition
　And the current of life grows too strong,
To think that the dusk ends the warfare,
　That the worry is done for the night,
And the little chap there, at the window,
　Believes that his daddy is all right.

In the heat of the day and the hurry
　I'm prompted so often to pause,
While my mind strays away from [illegible],
　Away from the [illegible]
The [illegible] meant for some other,
　[illegible] I have [illegible] the fight,
But the little chap waits at the window
　[illegible] daddy's all right.

I [illegible] fads and failure;
　I [illegible] and the pain;
I can feel that [illegible],
　The struggle has not been in vain
If Fortune will only retain me
　That comfort and solace at night,
When the little chap waits at the window,
　Believing his daddy's all right.

—*Louis E. Thayer.*

### Frivolous Definitions

*Banquet*—A fifty-cent dinner that you pay five dollars for.

*Bargain*—The spendthrift's excuse.

*Benedict*—A penitent bachelor.

*Biography*—Posterity's revenge.

*Bore*—A loquacious father of precocious children.

*Job*—What you are glad to get when you are looking for a situation.

*Jealousy*—A tribute to man's vanity that a wise woman pays.

*Naiveté*—The surprise a girl shows when she receives a proposal she has been working for.

*Cozy Corner*—Any corner that does not contain a chaperon.

*Wedding Presents*—Society's trading-stamps.

*Inconsistency*—Putting a woman on a pedestal to look down upon her.

*Suspicion*—Testing the engagement ring on window-glass.

*Jilting*—Promising to be a sister.

—*Harry Thompson.*

### An Odorous "Part"

NOTHING is more provocative of humorous observation in the theatre than the vicissitudes which actors experience in the parts they receive. In Maude Adams' company, Miss Katherine Proctor had a considerable part in L'Aiglon, and in The Pretty Sister of José she played for a time the fattest part in the play next to that of the heroine. In Peter Pan, as it happens, there is nothing that suits her, and though she appears on the stage it is in what actors call "a heavy thinking part." Her name is not on the program. Miss May Gayler is in a similar predicament, though she has had good parts in Frohman plays hitherto.

The other day Miss Proctor came into her dressing-room and, sniffing around, remarked:

"I smell something horrid in here."

"Sit down, Procky," Miss Gayler answered. "It is your rotten lines you smell."

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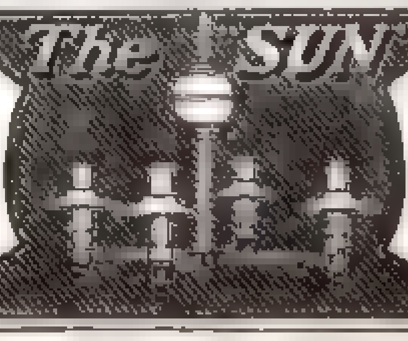

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# THE HAND OF HOLOFERNES

(Concluded from Page 7)

The Hand was gone, and the Hindu, sitting on his bunk, was motionlessly watching the silver box, which, closed and locked, lay in the centre of the floor.

"It was eleven o'clock next evening that Jenkins once more returned to see the same scene reënacted, Hindu sitting as before, incense burning, blue light flickering, and the gruesome Thing dangling on the wall.

"'Put it away! Put it in the box!' gasped Jenkins.

"The Hindu smiled. 'Then would its power of good vanish, and its power for evil begin. Then would Devi punish me. It may not be. Such is the "Law."'

"That night Jenkins awoke with a start to see through the dimness of the cabin the Thing on the wall glowing with a kind of phosphorescent light, and twitching with every movement of the steamer.

"Next day, although ordinarily a good sailor, he could eat nothing, and he found himself disinclined to talk to the other passengers. Somehow, the Thing on the wall by night, locked in its silver casket by day, had shaken him so that he felt no longer like himself.

"The last night out they had a storm. When Jenkins came in wet and shivering the Hindu was there as usual and the Hand, the 'Hand of Holofernes,' was in its place. Jenkins tumbled into his berth and lay staring at the Thing in abject terror. It glowed with a strong blue light, and through the flashes of lightning which filled the cabin its pale gleam was still visible. The ship was rolling heavily, and from time to time great waves dashed seething along the closed portholes. Everything was in motion; the bedclothes swung against the sides of the bunks, so did the garments hanging on their pegs, the very towels on the washstand seemed eager to leave their places, and the Hand clutched and jumped as if trying to tear itself free. Above the straining of the partitions and the groaning of the ship, the roar of the waves, and the keen whistling of the wind, he could hear the Hindu moaning in his berth below. The bed-curtains swung into his face, and he stifled a scream as he tore them off and cast them to the floor. Then there came a gust of wind from somewhere, the lamp was extinguished suddenly as if blown out by a human breath, and he lay in darkness save where in its ghastly light the Hand writhed upon the wall. Louder and louder wailed the storm; the pounding of the engines, the whir of the screw, and the steady drenching of the seas against the ports made a wild tumult, through which you could hear the Thing on the wall flip and knock, and see it clutch—clutch—and jump to get away. He had fitful dreams, in which the Hand sprang from the wall and grappled at his throat; others in which the Hindu knelt upon his chest, holding the dry and scratchy Thing to his face. Then there came a crash of thunder and a brilliant burst of lightning. He saw the Hand wrench itself from the wall and come reaching toward him, prehensile, monstrous, supernatural, and he knew no more until he heard a choking cry of agony from the berth beneath. The dawn was just stealing in through the portholes. Again he heard a gurgling, suffocating groan. Leaning over, he lowered his head until he could see into the bunk below. The Hindu lay upon his back, his eyes starting from their sockets, a bloody froth upon his lips, while at his neck, fastened in a knotty grip, hung the Hand of Holofernes, its fingers buried deep in the brown flesh. Even as he looked they relaxed, the black hairy Thing slid from the Hindu's neck, floated to the fastening of the port, undid the screw, and crawled or slipped out into the sea."

"Turn up the lamp somebody, will you?" muttered Flandrau.

"What became of Jenkins—his body, I mean?" asked Webb, after a silence of some moments.

Colonel North was looking fixedly in the direction of the Babu.

"I forgot that," said he. "Perhaps it's not altogether to my credit, but somehow it seemed right enough at the time. The night the fellow died Sagundar entered the tent and said that some men had come for the body of their comrade. No one could explain how they *knew* that he had died. Jenkins had left no instructions. They stood silently before the tent door in the misty light of a low-swinging yellow moon. One taller than the rest, the jemardar, I fancy, stepped forward and begged for the body. He was their comrade; they desired to bury him with honor. I let them take him. Swiftly they entered the tent, wrapped him in a white sheet, lifted him upon their shoulders and bore him away into the forest. It seemed fitting. From the forest he had come; to the forest he returned. I shall never forget the face of the tall man who directed the movements of the others."

The Babu grinned over his cigarette, and returned the Colonel's steady gaze unflinchingly.

"This is a str-range tale that you tell," he remarked.

"Good Heavens!" cried Webb. "What's the explanation? What was Jenkins doing out there?"

"I gathered that after his release he went to India to learn, if he could, something of the mysteries of which he had been an involuntary witness. Have you ever heard of such a hand-worship, Doctor?"

"I have hear-rd of it," replied the Babu. "It is only in the nor-rth. It came from Assyria many centuries ago."

"India's a queer place!" remarked Webb.

"I recall that De Mille has a story of a white man who joined the Thugs," said Flandrau.

"Well," ejaculated Webb, "with your work on that commission and your being made the repository of poor Jenkins' secrets, I should say that your future was not entirely rose-colored. Did you never have an attack made upon your life?"

"Not really," answered North. "A native once tried to enter my compartment upon the train at Delhi, but Sagundar thrust him out. It was only last summer, before I came over here. It was rather unpleasant, but I dare say the fellow meant no harm. Anyhow, the Thugs never bothered Europeans—*did* they, Doctor?"

"Nev-vah!" replied the Babu promptly. "That is," he added more slowly, "so I have been told. Ah, there are no such things now. They are of the past."

He arose and held out his hand, smiling. "It is late. I have much wor-rk for tomor-row."

"Hold on a minute, Doctor," said Webb. "Tell us something about this Thug business. What sort of fellows belonged to it?"

"Huea-jatizo and huea-sipanni," answered the Babu without looking back. "Men of low tribes and low trades. I know nothing of Rhutti Kahn's sayings. There are none such to-day."

He bowed and made as if to go, but at that moment the door opened, outlining a tall, dignified, dark-skinned Hindu in trim civilian dress.

"Sagundar!" exclaimed North. "What brings you here?"

"Forgive me, Colonel Sahib," responded the Indian in soft, liquid accents. "It is late and I had fear for thee."

"Come on in, Sagundar, old chap!" called Webb. "Let's have a look at you."

Sagundar entered obediently, stepping as he did so face to face with the Babu. The latter turned, but not before the servant had sprung between him and the door.

"Colonel Sahib! Colonel Sahib!" he cried. "It is the face of him who entered our train at Delhi! The jemardar!"

At the same instant the Babu staggered and groped blindly for the table—then his face turned a ghastly shade, his hands twitched and he pitched heavily forward. We lifted him to the lounge.

"Give him all the air you can," directed Flandrau. "And loosen his waistcoat, somebody, while you're about it."

Webb sprang to do so, but, as he unbuttoned the clerical-looking garment, uttered a suppressed cry. Hanging from a silken cord upon the motionless white linen shirt of the Babu lay a tiny pickaxe of silver, the haft terminating in a grinning face.

Sagundar's breath came fast through his dilated nostrils. Webb turned a half-questioning face to the Colonel and then deliberately pushed back the right sleeve. Inside the Babu's elbow was tattooed a single word in Hindu.

"Bohwanee!" cried Sagundar.

We all stared speechless at one another. Only Colonel North seemed undisturbed.

"I thought as much," he remarked dryly. "Our friend here, I fancy, has swallowed the *goor* himself. Ship-companions, eh? Not if I know it! Sagundar, you had better change our passage."

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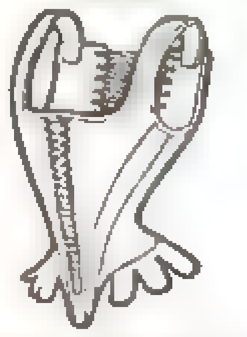

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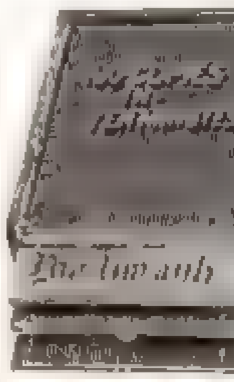

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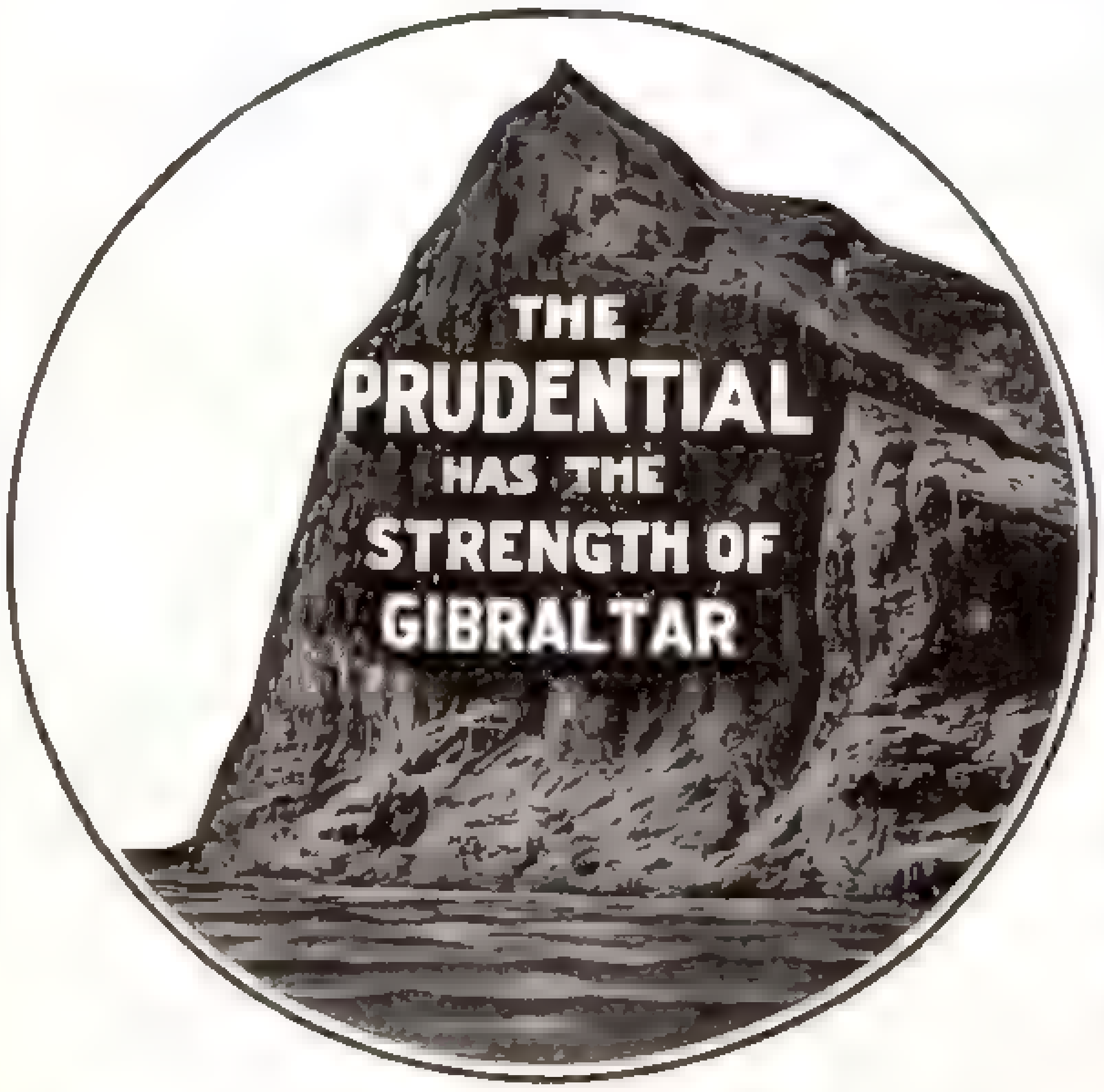

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# THE INCOMPLETE AMORIST

(Continued from Page 11)

"Did I say so? Do you really think that there are no happy love-affairs but those that end in a wedding breakfast and bridesmaids?"

Betty had thought so, but it seemed coarse to own it.

"Can't you imagine," he went on dreamily, "a love-affair so perfect that it could not but lose its finest fragrance if the world were called to watch the plucking of love's flower? Can't you imagine a love so great, so deep, so tender, so absolutely possessing the whole life of the lover that he would almost grudge any manifestation of it?"

"Oh, dear!" said Betty to herself.

"But I'm talking like a book," he said, and laughed. "I always get dreamy and absurd when I tell fortunes. Anyway, as I said before, you will be greatly beloved. Indeed, unless your hand is very untruthful, which I'm sure it never could be, you are beloved now, far more than you can possibly guess."

Betty caught at her flippancy, but it evaded her. There was a silence. Vernon still held her hand.

A black figure darkened the daylight.

The two on the plough started up—started apart. Nothing more was wanted to convince the rector of all that he least wished to believe.

"Go home, Lizzie," he said, "go to your room," and to her his face looked the face of a fiend. It is hard to control the muscles under a sudden emotion compounded of sorrow, sympathy and an immeasurable pity. "Go to your room and stay there till I send for you."

Betty went like a beaten dog.

The rector turned to the young man.

"Now, sir," he said.

### *V—THE PRISONER*

When Vernon looked back on that interview he was honestly pleased with himself. He had been patient, he had been kind even. In the end he had been positively chivalrous.

He regretted, of course, deeply, this unfortunate misunderstanding. Accident had made him acquainted with Miss Desmond's talent; he had merely offered her a little of that help which is customary between brother artists.

The rector spoke again, and Mr. Vernon listened quietly, bareheaded, and in deepest deference.

"I can only express my regret that my thoughtlessness should have annoyed you," he said, "and beg you not to blame Miss Desmond. It was perhaps a little unconventional, but——"

"Unconventional—to try——"

Mr. Vernon held up his hand: he was genuinely shocked.

"Forgive me," he said, "but I can't hear such words in connection with—with a lady for whom I have the deepest respect."

The rector bit his lip, and Vernon went on:

"I have listened to your abuse—yes, your abuse—without defending myself, but I can't allow any one, even her father, to say a word against her."

"I am not her father," said the old man bitterly. And on the instant Vernon understood him as Betty had never done, and the young man's tone changed instantly.

"Look here," he said, and his face grew almost boyish, "I am really most awfully sorry. The whole thing—what there is of it, and it's very little—was entirely my doing. It was inexcusably thoughtless. Miss Desmond is very young and very innocent. It is I who ought to have known better—and perhaps I did. But the country is very dull, and it was a real pleasure to teach so apt a pupil."

"Then you'd have me believe that you don't even love her?"

"No more than she does me," said Vernon very truly. "I've never breathed a word of love to her," he went on; "such an idea never entered our heads. She's a charming girl, and I admire her immensely, but"—he sought hastily for a weapon, and defended Betty with the first that came to hand—"I am already engaged to another lady. It is entirely as an artist that I am interested in Miss Betty."

"Serpent," said the rector to himself.

Vernon was addressing himself silently in terms not more flattering. "Fool, idiot, brute, to let the child in for this! And as for me—well, the game is up, absolutely up!"

"I am really most awfully sorry," he said again.

"I find it difficult to believe in the sincerity of your repentance," said the rector, frowning.

"My regret you may believe in," said Vernon stiffly. "There is no ground for even the mention of such a word as repentance."

"If your repentance is sincere"—he underlined the word—"you will leave Long Barton to-day."

Leave without a word, a sign from Betty—a word or a sign to her? It might be best—if——

"I will go, sir, if you will let me have your assurance that you will say nothing to Miss Desmond, that you won't make her unhappy, that you'll let the whole matter drop."

"I will make no bargains with you!" cried the rector. "Do your worst. Thank God, I can defend her from you!"

"She needs no defense. It's not I who am lacking in respect and consideration for her."

"I do not need to be taught my duty by a villain, sir!" The old clergyman was trembling with rage. "I wish to God I were a younger man, that I might chastise you for the hound you are." His upraised cane shook in his hand. "Words are thrown away on you! I'm sorry I can't use the only arguments that can come home to a puppy!"

"If you were a younger man," said Vernon slowly, "your words would not have been thrown away on me. They would have had the answer they deserved. I shall not leave Long Barton, and I shall see Miss Desmond when and how I choose."

"Long Barton shall know your true character!"

"So you would blacken her to blacken me? One sees how it is that she does not love her father."

He meant to be cruel, but it was not till he saw the green shadows round the old man's lips that he knew just how cruel he had been. The quivering old mouth opened and closed and opened, the cold eyes gleamed. And the trembling hand in one nervous movement raised the cane and struck the other man sharply across the face. It was a hysterical blow, like a woman's, and with it the tears sprang to the faded eyes.

Then it was that Vernon behaved well. When he thought of it afterward he decided that he had behaved astonishingly well.

With the smart of that cut stinging on his flesh, the mark of it rising red and angry across his cheek, he stepped back a pace, and without a word, without a retaliatory movement, without even a change of facial expression, he executed the most elaborately courteous bow, as of one treading a minuet, recovered the upright and walked away bareheaded. The old clergyman was left planted there, the cane still jigging up and down in his shaking hand.

"A little theatrical, perhaps," mused Vernon, when the cover of the wood gave him leave to lay his fingers to his throbbing cheek, "but nothing could have annoyed the old chap more."

However effective it may be to turn the other cheek, the burning of it does not cool one's passions, and he walked through the wood angrier than he ever remembered being. But the cool rain dripping from the hazel and sweet chestnut leaves fell pleasantly on his uncovered head and flushed face. Before he was through the wood he was able to laugh, and the laugh was a real laugh, if rather a rueful one. Vernon could never keep angry very long.

"Poor old devil!" he said. "He'll have to put a special clause in the general confession next Sunday. Poor old devil! And poor little Betty! And poorest me! Because, however we look at it, and however we may have bluffed over it, the game is up—absolutely up."

When one has a definite end in view—marriage, let us say, or an elopement—secret correspondences, the surmounting of garden walls, the bribery of servants are in the picture. But in a small, sweet idyll, with no backbone of intention to it, these things are inartistic. And Vernon was, above and before all, an artist. He must go away and he knew it. And his picture was not finished. Could he possibly leave that incomplete? The thought pricked sharply. He had not made much progress with the picture in these last days. It had been pleasanter to work at the portrait of Betty. If he moved to the next village?—yes, that must be thought over.

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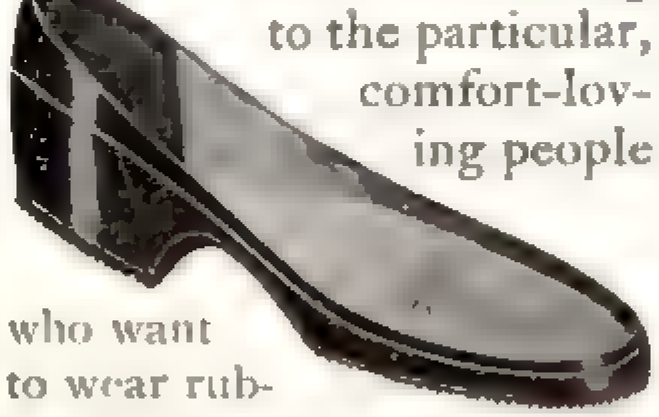

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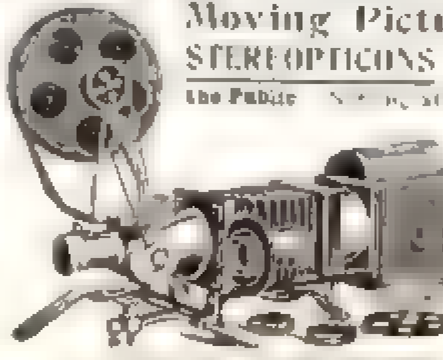

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He spent the day thinking of that and of other things.

The Reverend Cecil Underwood stood where he was left till the man he had struck had passed out of sight. Then the cane slipped through his hand and fell rattling to the ground. He looked down at it curiously. Then he reached out both hands vaguely and touched the shaft of the plough. He felt his way along it and sat down where they had sat, staring dully before him at the shadows in the shed, and at the steady fall of the rain outside. Betty's mackintosh was lying on the floor. He picked it up presently and smoothed out the creases. Then he watched the rain again.

An hour had passed before he got stiffly up and went home, with her cloak on his arm.

Yes, Miss Lizzie was in her room—had a headache. He sent up her breakfast, arranging the food himself, and calling back the maid because the tray lacked marmalade.

Then he poured out his own tea, and sat stirring it till it was cold.

She was in her room, waiting for him to send for her. He must send for her. He must speak to her. But what could he say? What was there to say that would not be a cruelty? What was there to ask that would not be a challenge to her to lie, as the serpent had done?

"I am glad I struck him," the Reverend Cecil told himself again and again; "*that* brought it home to him. He was quite cowed. He could do nothing but bow and cringe away. Yes, I am glad."

But the girl? The serpent had asked him to be gentle with her—had dared to ask him. He could think of no way gentle enough for dealing with this crisis. The habit of prayer caught him. He prayed for guidance.

Then quite suddenly he saw what to do.

"That will be best," he said; "she will feel that less."

He rang and ordered the fly from the Peal of Bells, went to his room to change his old coat for a better one, since appearances must be kept up, even if the heart be breaking. His thin hair was disordered, and his tie, he noticed, was oddly crumpled as though strange hands had been busy with his throat. He put on a fresh tie, smoothed his hair, and went down again. As he passed he lingered a moment outside her door.

Betty, watching with red eyes and swollen lids, saw him enter the fly, saw him give an order, heard the door bang. The old coachman clambered clumsily to his place, and the carriage lumbered down the drive.

"Oh, how cruel he is! He might have spoken to me *now!* I suppose he's going to keep me waiting for days, as a penance. And I haven't really done anything wrong. It's a shame! I've a good mind to run away!"

Running away required consideration. In the mean time, since he was out of the house, there was no reason why she should not go downstairs. She was not a child to be sent to her room in disgrace. She bathed her distorted face, powdered it, and tried to think that the servants, should they see her, would notice nothing.

Where had he gone? To no goal within his parish would a hired carriage be needed. He had gone to Sevenoaks or to the station. Perhaps he had gone to Westerham—there was a convent there, a Protestant sisterhood. Perhaps he was going to make arrangements for shutting her up there! Never!—Betty would die first. At least she would run away first. But where could one run to?

The aunts? Betty loved the aunts, but she distrusted their age. They were too old to sympathize really with her. They would most likely understand as little as her stepfather had done. An Inward Monitor told Betty that the story of the fortune-telling, of the seven stolen meetings with no love-making in them, would sound very unconvincing to any ears but those of the one person already convinced. But she would not be shut up in a convent—no, not by fifty aunts and a hundred stepfathers!

She would go to Him. He would understand. He was the only person who ever had understood. She would go straight to him and ask him what to do. He would advise her. He was so clever, so good, so noble. Whatever he advised would be *right*.

Trembling and in a cold white rage of determination, Betty fastened on her hat, found her gloves and purse. The mackintosh she remembered had been left in the

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[illegible] last year, by all the boat factories in the United States [illegible] would not equal the number of boats built during the same [illegible] the Brooks System [illegible]

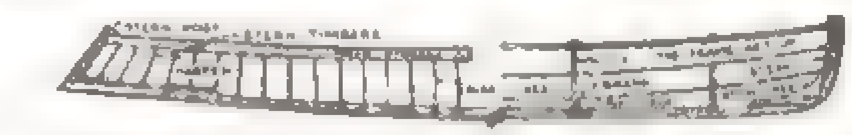
**The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every piece that goes into the boat, a complete set of halftone illustrations showing an actual picture of each step of the work properly done, detailed instructions to build, covering the entire construction of the boat and an itemized bill of all material required and how to secure it.**

[illegible]

Knock Down Boats

[illegible] complete Knock Down Boat [illegible]

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
*Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building*
202 Ship Street, Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.



Which Floor Do You Prefer?

If the one to the right let us tell you how easily it is done in thousands of homes by the use of

Grippin's Floor Crack Filler and Finishes

Our improved method of finishing [illegible] floors. Sanitary, [illegible]

*Write NOW for descriptive matter to*
GRIPPIN MFG. CO., Dept. 4
Newark, New York State

TREES ROSES, SHRUBS, [illegible] QUAKER HILL NURSERIES No. 4 Main St., NEWARK N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE COPY. How to Make Poultry Pay. [illegible] $1000 [illegible]
INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Indianapolis, Ind.

Merrill and Baker's Failure

PLACES IN OUR HANDS THE REMAINDER OF THEIR GREATEST PUBLICATION

Ridpath's History of the World

New perfect books, latest edition, beautifully bound in Half Morocco, at

LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in **direct letters** to those sending us the **Coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.**

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive income from his History, and **to print our price broadcast** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause **great injury to future sales.**

The reason for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as an historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of [illegible] to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes intensely interesting. 200,000 Americans own and love Ridpath. **Send Coupon to-day.**

**$1** brings the complete set, balance small sums monthly

Weighs 55 lbs.

Fold here, tear out, sign, and mail

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
204 Dearborn St.
Chicago

Please [illegible] to me [illegible] Pages and full particulars.

NAME

ADDRESS

You need not clip the coupon if you mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

shed. She pictured her stepfather trampling fiercely upon it as he told Mr. Vernon what he thought of him.

At the last moment she hesitated. Mr. Vernon would not be idle. What would he be doing? Suppose he should send a note? Suppose he had watched Mr. Underwood drive away and should come boldly up and ask for her? Was it wise to leave the house? But perhaps he would be hanging about the churchyard, or watching from the park for a glimpse of her. She would at least go out and see.

"I'll leave a farewell letter," she said, "in case I never come back."

She found her little blotting-book—envelopes, but no paper. Of course! One can't with dignity write cutting farewells on envelopes.

She tore a page from her diary.

"You have driven me to this," she wrote. "I am going away, and in time I shall try to forgive you all the petty meannesses and cruelties of all these years. I know you always hated me, but you might have had some pity. All my life I shall bear the marks on my soul of the bitter tyranny I have endured here. Now I am going away out into the world, and God knows what will become of me."

She folded, enveloped, and addressed the note, stuck a long hatpin fiercely through it, and left it, speared to her pincushion, with her stepfather's name uppermost.

"Good-by, little room," she said. "I feel I shall never see you again."

Slowly and sadly she crossed the room and turned the handle of the door. The door was locked.

Once, years ago, a happier man than the Reverend Cecil had been rector of Long Barton. And in the room that now was Betty's he had had iron bars fixed to the two windows, because that room was the nursery.

. . . . .

That evening, after dinner, Mr. Vernon sat at his parlor window looking idly along the wet bowling-green to the belt of lilacs and the pale gleams of watery sunset behind them. He had passed a disquieting day. He hated to leave things unfinished. And now the idyll was ruined.

"Come in," he said; and his landlady heavily followed up her tap on his door.

"A lady to see you, sir," said she with a look that seemed to him to be almost a wink.

"A lady! To see me?" said Vernon.

"Yes. Shall I show her in?" the woman asked.

"A lady," he repeated. "Did she give her name?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Desmond, sir. Shall I show her in?"

"Yes; show her in, of course," he answered irritably.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Some Unsolved Riddles

WHILE fishes in the depths of the sea doubtless find good use for their lights in those dark abysses, to which no ray of sunshine penetrates even at high noon, it is puzzling to know for what purpose Nature has provided lamps for such multitudes of tiny marine organisms. Why, too, should mere microbes possess lanterns of their own? Nobody can say. The glowworm (female of a species of beetle, and wingless) uses its torch to notify its flying mate of its whereabouts. But why, again, does the Pholas—a kind of mollusk that lives in holes in rocks—yield a liquid that continues to shine, even after it has been filtered, for a great length of time?

These are things which nobody has been able to find out. Nevertheless, great importance must be regarded as attaching to the discovery of the nature of the living light which has been so long a puzzle—an illuminant which we may hope to be able to utilize at a future day in some practical and advantageous manner.

From generation to generation the light-bearing creatures transmit the wonderful lamp that is never extinguished, and which seems to have been ignited at the very dawn of creation. This they have done through the ages, and will continue to do through ages yet to come. The question of most interest to ourselves is whether science will some day enable us to take a spark from their torch, and hand it down to our own descendants for the enlightenment of a later and better civilization.

Try it At My Expense—Not Yours

IF YOU are not a reader of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE I want you to become one. I want you to know what it is like, and to know, at my expense, if the magazine does not suit you. If it does suit you, and the price is right, you will naturally wish to pay for it. There isn't much in the theory of getting something for nothing.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is worth your knowing. It was MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE that led off a dozen years ago in the low price for magazines—ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. It was the fight we had with a giant News-Company monopoly that made MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE possible, and that blazed the way for all other publishers whose magazines are issued at the price of MUNSEY'S. But this is too big and too graphic a story to be told in this advertisement.

Munsey's Magazine

HAS the biggest circulation of any standard magazine in the world—much the biggest. And it has made it and held it solely on its merits. In a dozen years we have not spent a dozen cents in advertising. We have no agents in the field—not an agent anywhere—we have given no premiums, have clubbed with no other publications, and have offered no inducements of any kind whatsoever. We have made a magazine for the people, giving them what they want, and giving it to them at a right price—that's all. And the people have bought it because they like it and because they could buy it at a right price. Our object in advertising now is to reach a few hundred thousand new readers—people who are not now taking MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Magazine For Ten Cents

Though there are a good many three dollar and four dollar magazines in America, there is none better than MUNSEY'S, whatever the price—not one. There is no higher grade magazine, there is none better printed or printed on better paper, and there is none better or more carefully edited—none better written, and few, if any, so interesting. It costs in round numbers about *ten thousand dollars a number* to go to press on MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. That is to say, if only one copy were printed it would cost ten thousand dollars, but spreading this cost over our entire edition of *750,000 copies* the amount gets down very thin on each individual copy.

When I first made this price, a dozen years ago, everybody said it was impossible—said we couldn't live—said we were bound to fail. We did live, however, and today are publishing *a thousand tons* of magazines a month, which is fifty car loads. This is more than three times as many magazines as were issued by all the publishers combined of the entire country when I came into the business.

It is because I am so sure of the merits of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and so sure it will please you, that I am now offering to send it to you without any money in advance and without any money at all if it does not please you. I can afford to take this chance, which, as I see it, is a very small chance, because I believe thoroughly in the rugged honesty of the people. The percentage of dishonesty among the citizens of America is far too small for consideration in a business proposition of this kind.

There is no trick in this offer—no hidden scheme of any kind whatever. It is a simple, straightforward business proposition which will cost you nothing unless you wish it to.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York: 123

You may enter [illegible] one year's subscription to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, for which [illegible] ($1.00) at the end of three months, [illegible] be what I want.

In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will [illegible] at the end [illegible]

It is further agreed that in connection with this [illegible] you are to send me THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE free for three months and that I am to have the option of changing my subscription, if I so desire, from MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE for the balance of the year.

Name

City

Date 1906 State

The All-Story Magazine Also Free

I will not only send you MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, as stated above, but will send you three months free, in addition, THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE, which is another of our publications. I add this other magazine for two reasons. First, that you may have the choice of two magazines, and second, with the thought that you may want both.

If this proposition interests you, and I hardly see how it could be made more to your interest, kindly fill out the coupon in this advertisement and mail it to me, and you will get the magazines as stated herein.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 175 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

BURPEE'S Farm Annual for 1906

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

Mailed FREE to all who want the BEST SEEDS that Grow!

This *Thirtieth Anniversary Edition* is a bright book of 168 pages and tells the *plain truth*. With Cover and Colored Plates it shows *painted from nature*, Seven Superb Specialties in Vegetables of unequaled merit and Six Novelties in Flowers, including LUTHER BURBANK'S *New Floral Wonder*. WRITE TO-DAY!—the very day you read this advertisement. Mention this magazine and address

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Are Your Legs Straight?

The limbs of well-dressed men [illegible] legs [illegible] inexpensive and give a style and finish otherwise impossible. Simple as a garter, [illegible] off in a few seconds, cannot be detected. Critical [illegible] mend them in the highest terms. Beautiful photo-illustrated book and *many testimonials* mailed sealed free.

THE ALISON CO., Dept. P2, Buffalo, N.Y.

Carpenters desiring to fit themselves for better paying positions should send for 200-page handbook (FREE) describing our Carpenter's course, and over 60 others, including Architectural Drawing, Electrical, Mechanical, Steam and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Structural Drafting, Telephony, Textiles, etc.

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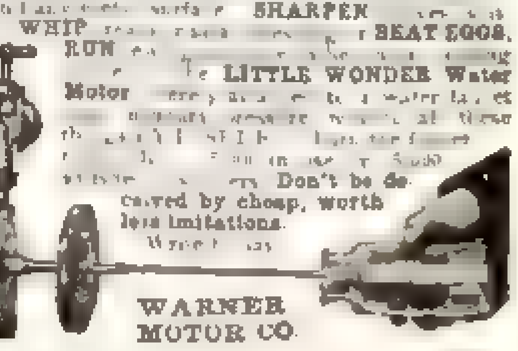

Let the LITTLE WONDER do Your Work

CLEAN bottles, tumblers, [illegible] etc. POLISH silver, cut-glass, silverware [illegible] surface. SHARPEN [illegible] sors, hatchets, etc. WHIP [illegible] BEAT EGGS. RUN [illegible] The LITTLE WONDER Water Motor [illegible] Don't be deceived by cheap, worthless imitations. Write [illegible]

Attractive Illustrated [illegible] FREE.

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$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

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The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS.

If you stood up straight all the time then ordinary drawers would fit all right. But when you stoop or bend—there's the rub. The elastic insertion in The Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers was invented to prevent this rubbing. This insertion is durable but yet so elastic that it responds to every movement of the wearer without chafing or drawing. Made in a variety of fabrics to fit every man perfectly in waist and inseam. Ask your dealer for your size—knee or full length. If he cannot supply you write us direct. These drawers cost no more than any ordinary good kind. **Send for illustrated booklet.**

**J. A. SCRIVEN COMPANY**
**Sole Manufacturers, 16 East 15th St., New York**

If you are seeking a factory location—if you contemplate moving your factory,

**East St. Louis, Ill.,**

offers indisputable advantages and exceptional facilities. Located on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River (opposite the city of St. Louis, Mo.), and midway between Pittsburgh and Denver, East St. Louis is splendidly situated as a manufacturing and distributing point. At our doors are the vast Illinois coal fields, assuring cheap fuel for all time; and, within easy reach, an abundance of food stuffs and raw materials of every description.

Besides an outlet over 9,000 miles of navigable rivers, East St. Louis has 28 terminal lines extending in all directions. We have the finest shipping facilities in the country, and an immediate "home market" of 30,000,000 consumers within a radius of 500 miles.

**Our Advantages Are Yours**

We want more factories—more lines of business, and offer more and better facilities than any other point—cheap fuel and water, and factory sites, with acreage to suit, at very low prices. If you locate here now you get absolute exemption from city taxes and teaming license for a term of years. Write to-day for full particulars.

**East St. Louis Real Estate Exchange**
**East St. Louis, Illinois**

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A CLUPECO SHRUNK QUARTER SIZE
ARROW
15 cents each. 2 for 25 cents
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
MAKERS OF CLUETT AND MONARCH SHIRTS

WE PAY 6% ON DEPOSITS
"Saving Money by Mail" on request
EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN COMPANY,
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MANDOLIN Book containing Choice Bits from all the **Latest New York Hits**, also complete list of music for all Instruments and Vocal Quartettes of all kinds. WILL BE SENT, POSTPAID. FREE
THE CREST TRADING COMPANY
214 Witmark Building, New York

# Honest Dollars

*(Continued from Page 5)*

When he walked through the big store he rarely smiled and almost never praised. A portrait painter to whom he sat described his face as "cool and gray." He was taciturn and unapproachable. But by his two principles of justice and consideration he succeeded in surrounding himself with an atmosphere of good will, and implanting in the thousands at his command that spirit of communal dignity and *esprit de corps* which alone can make a business, however many-millioned, truly great. When about an applicant for a position there was something just a trifle glib, or slick, or shifty, he had one formula of rejection: "I don't think he is just our kind." And, be assured, every business has its own "kind," to make or break it in the end.

In the mean time, from 1881 on, the names on Field's pay-sheets had been increasing at the astonishing rate of more than five hundred annually. The year 1905 saw his retail store giving employment to 8000 men and women—a number equal to the entire wage-earning population of the Chicago that Field came to in 1856! One can follow his progress, too, in the very topography of the block in which he first established that retail store. Annex has shouldered extension, each lifting itself higher than its predecessor. Since 1891 the course of building has been almost uninterrupted. Five stories were not enough, nor seven, nor nine. The newest structure gazes down upon its forebear from an altitude of twelve. Indeed, the whole block now presents that craggy irregularity which to the foreigner looks so wilfully formless and unguided—but which is in reality a great outward and visible index of the rapidity of the progress made. In the present year, the Field architect was instructed to bring the entire store up to the twelve-story level—"without, of course, in any way interfering with business!"

### Mercantile Ambassadors

In 1887 the wholesale branch was housed in the great stone structure on Adams Street. As for the buying department, there is a study of commercial evolution in that alone. From the old custom of working through the commission houses, Marshall Field passed to sending his own travelers to Europe. Then he began to keep "travelers" in Europe all the time. Then he sent similar resident buyers to South America, Africa, India, China and Japan. And, following that, in Bradford, Manchester and Nottingham; in Calais, Paris and Lyons; in Plauen, St. Gall, Chemnitz and Annaberg; in Calcutta, Canton and Yokohama—in all these places did he set up *factories* of his own! If he could not bring the skilled native labor to Chicago, he would use it where it had its natural being. In any case no middleman should come between them! Only in the last few years did he feel that he had got his machine "really running"!

In the last current year his wholesale and retail branches together did a business of $100,000,000. Since 1895 it has never been less than $50,000,000. These great sums mean, even at moderate profits, great dividends. And if Field made others wealthy, he became vastly rich himself. At his death it is estimated that his holdings of real estate in Chicago alone amounted to $57,000,000; no corporation in Cook County could show the like. His stores represent a value of $25,000,000. He had $17,000,000 in United States Steel; $12,500,000 in the Pullman Palace Car Company (and it used to be said that George M. Pullman was only one of Field's head clerks); $10,000,000 in St. Paul, and as much more in Baltimore and Ohio, Chicago and Northwestern, and other railroads; $6,000,000 in bank stocks; $5,000,000 in textile factories.

But these are only figures. And there are other men—whom the Republic does not delight to honor—who could show much greater. What else but the financially astounding has Field left behind him?

There is a great deal else. You may think at once of the million he gave to the Field Columbian Museum, of the half-million in land to the University of Chicago, of the unnumbered smaller sums to kindred works of help and education; and his will has added its own items to the list. I am not speaking of that kind of philanthropy, however, but of something which last year's business history has shown us we need much more. If you like that sort of thing, you may get yards of well-balanced rhetoric

KARL GRIER

A sixth sense—what is it? Sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell—what else?

LOUIS TRACY calls it "*telegnomy*" for want of a better name. It is a highly exciting faculty at least, and involves its possessor in remarkable tangles.

The best of it is that *you* get tangled up in this fascinating new thought.

When KARL GRIER begins his startling mental "range finding,"—when he locates the girl whom he has not seen for years, you *feel* the exhilaration and exultation as from a personal exploit.

*Karl Grier* is a big story and it's new.

***Sent postpaid, $1.50, if not on sale at your dealers***

**EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York**

**Special Notice to Booksellers**

Karl Grier, by Louis Tracy ($1.50), is just out and is an extraordinary seller. Send small order first to receive immediate attention. EDWARD J. CLODE.

LOUIS TRACY

**A Sterling Silver Cigar Cutter**

that every smoker will be glad to own. No matter in what part of the United States you live we will mail one

**For One Dollar**

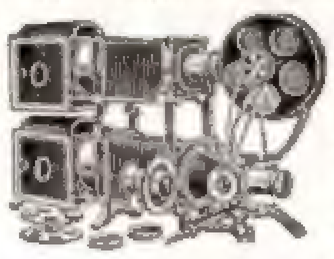
postpaid. The R. S. is the handsomest and most satisfactory cutter made. Carried in vest pocket. Lasts for years. Ask your jeweller.

**The R. S. Cigar Cutter**

Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of **One Dollar.**

**F. H. Dickson, 21A Maiden Lane, N.Y.**

IT PAYS BIG To amuse the Public With **Motion Pictures**



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If you wish to raise cash easily and quickly for any church, Sunday school or Society fund, send a postal today for the booklet "**MONEY RAISING PLANS FOR CHURCH WORKERS.**" New Method Souvenirs of church and pastor have already raised in cash over $200,000. We will send you hundreds of letters in which church workers tell how they used the plans. *Write for this book today*

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**MAKE YOUR OWN FURNITURE.**

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*"Authority on Furniture Construction."*

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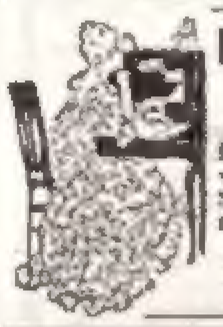
**Washington, D. C.**



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**67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

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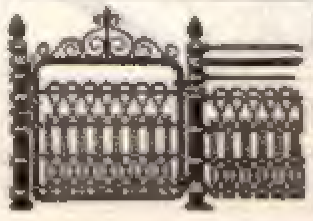

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Made of Steel. Lasts a lifetime. We have no Agents. **Sold to users at Wholesale Prices. 7 cents a foot up.** Cheaper than wood. Catalogue Free.

**KITSELMAN BROTHERS,**
Box 344, **Muncie, Indiana.**

**Are You Dissatisfied with Your Occupation?**

Every man who has ambition is dissatisfied; not necessarily disgruntled or discouraged, or a malcontent, but dissatisfied *because he wants to go higher.* The right kind of dissatisfaction is a good sign — it is a sign of a man who will make progress; the man who gets left behind in the race for success is the man who is content to drift along with the current.

It is the mission of the International Correspondence Schools to help the man who is dissatisfied — the man who wants to better himself.

These Schools, through their system of instruction by mail, offer a way by which every ambitious man may qualify, in his spare time, for promotion or a more profitable occupation, or to commence work at a better salary than if he started without training.

That this system is practical, efficient and adequate is attested by the thousands of stories of success furnished by graduates who have taken high positions after receiving their diplomas. The accounts of the rise of some of these students read like romance.

Read over the list of courses given in the coupon below, decide which is best suited to your tastes, then fill in, cut out, and mail to us the coupon, and we will give you full details of how we can qualify you for the position which you choose. At the same time we will send you our booklet **"1001 Stories of Success,"** telling what the Schools have done for some of our students.

**International Correspondence Schools,**
**Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.**

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Electrical Engineer
Foreman Plumber
Mechan'l Draughtsman
Telephone Engineer
Electric Lighting Supt.
Mechanical Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
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Write to-day for our new Catalog. It is FREE.
**The Columbus Carriage and Harness Co.**
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from smug chambers of commerce and reverend boards of directors testifying to "the sterling worth of the man," and "how greatly the world of finance will mourn his loss." The world of finance, as represented by these men, is a pompous, plug-hatted, gray side-whiskered, pall-bearing old hypocrite. I prefer to go for my testimonial to a source much less awe-inspiring. Marshall Field was not the richest man in the United States — but he paid the most taxes. In 1905 Cook County received more than $500,000 from him. He never "dodged." "And," says that collecting officer whom I choose to bear witness in this brief biography, "I think he paid up just because he wanted to be fair and square with the people!" It is a reason almost to make us rub our eyes. So, too, it may also have been something higher than policy that made honesty his first principle in storekeeping.

### The Life for the Life-Work

His was hardly a happy life, as we understand such things. Or perhaps it would be stating it more truly to say that he loved the battle of life more than he loved life itself. His final days may well serve as an illustration. When informed of the gravity of his state, he called William G. Beale, his personal counsel, to his bedside, and gave himself a few last hours of business. Then he bade farewell to his family and friends. And having thus cleared his decks he made a fight against his malady which his doctors would not have looked for in a man twenty years his junior.

He had contracted the disease playing golf; but golf was his sole active diversion. He led *his* strenuous life among the push-buttons. He cared little for society. He did not take advantage even of that which builds itself about men in the hours of trade. He did not invite intimacy; his associates never called him anything but "Mr. Field." He had, too, little of that culture which the work of his generation has thrown open to the generation to come. He did not read broadly. Though he traveled much and owned beautiful pictures, he seems to have regarded them merely as things for a tired man to rest his eyes upon. In the collections of fossils brought together in the museum he had established he confessed he could see "only old bones." The notable thing is that he was entirely honest about it.

And that honesty was something that gave him a power which no accumulation of money ever could give. Twice he was offered the Democratic nomination for Vice-President. What other multi-millionaire is there in America whose name could for a moment be thought to add strength to a political ticket? "He was," said a contemporary, "a rich man of whom no one spoke bitterly because of his riches. He had no red silk cushion on the top of his desk, but that desk was a pulpit of a sort we can use a great many more of at the present time."

Again, in the business world he inspired that confidence which in the last resort only honesty can inspire. When, a few weeks ago, the crisis in the affairs of the Walsh banks threatened Chicago with a general panic, he was called from his bed to advise with the clearing-house committee. Yet he was no banker himself, and as a "financial expert" he did not qualify at all. In his whole career he had never carried through one of those "brilliant series of speculations" of which the papers tell us.

But what he did do was this — and the thing was done so quietly and resistlessly that we can hardly realize the completeness of its accomplishment: He was born to a commercial world that still maintained the old snobbish English tradition that the man who sold by wholesale of necessity belonged to a caste far above him who sold over the counter. Field's life-work broke down those crazy and moth-eaten barriers forever. Not only that. He did much more. He took that sneered-at retail counter, swept it clean of all the meanness and truckling which clung about it, and, by the power of honesty and fair dealing alone, lifted it into the dignity of the great professions.

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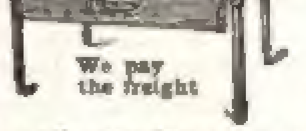

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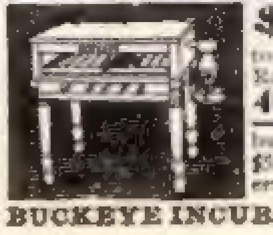

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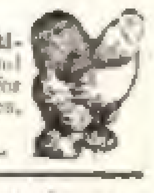

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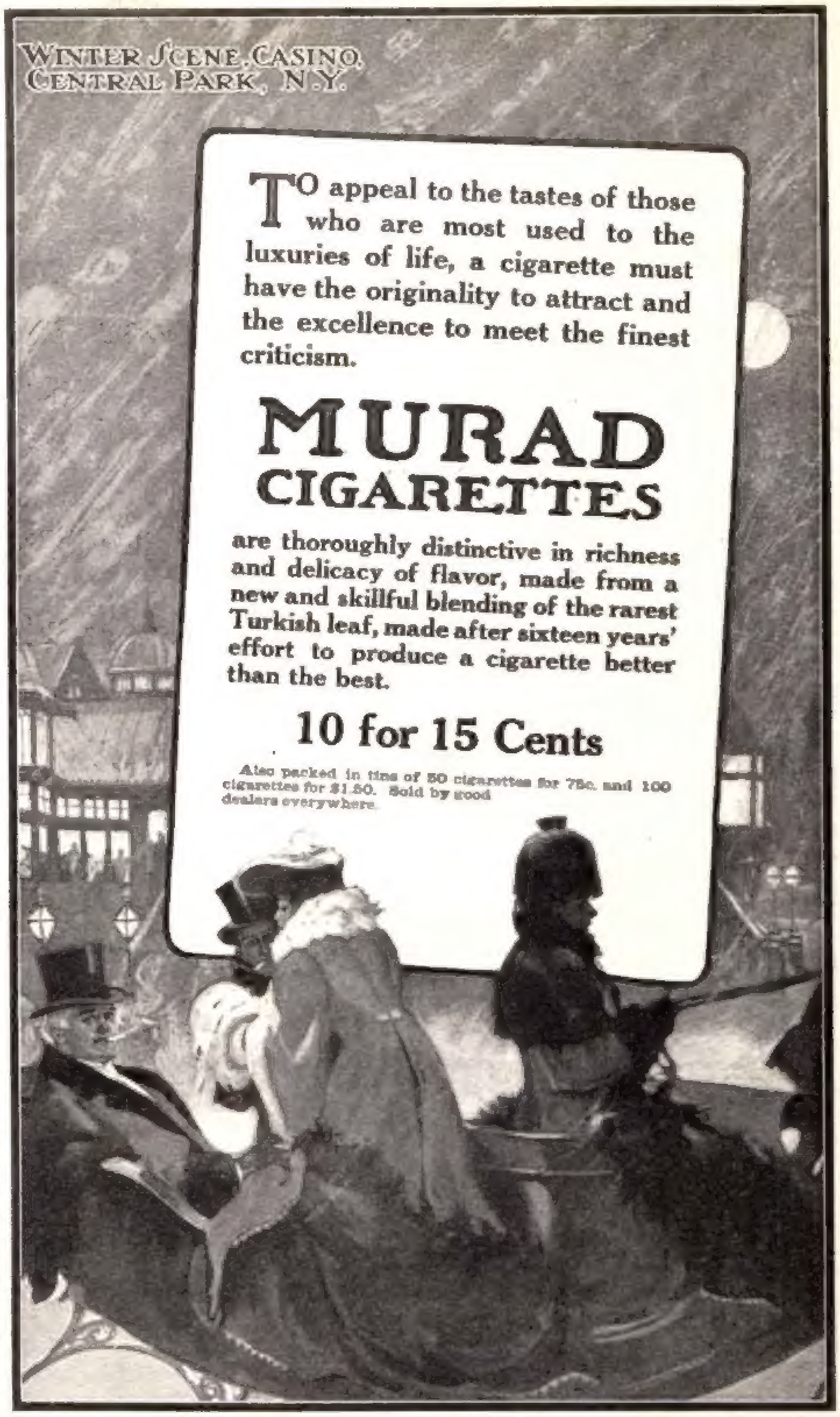

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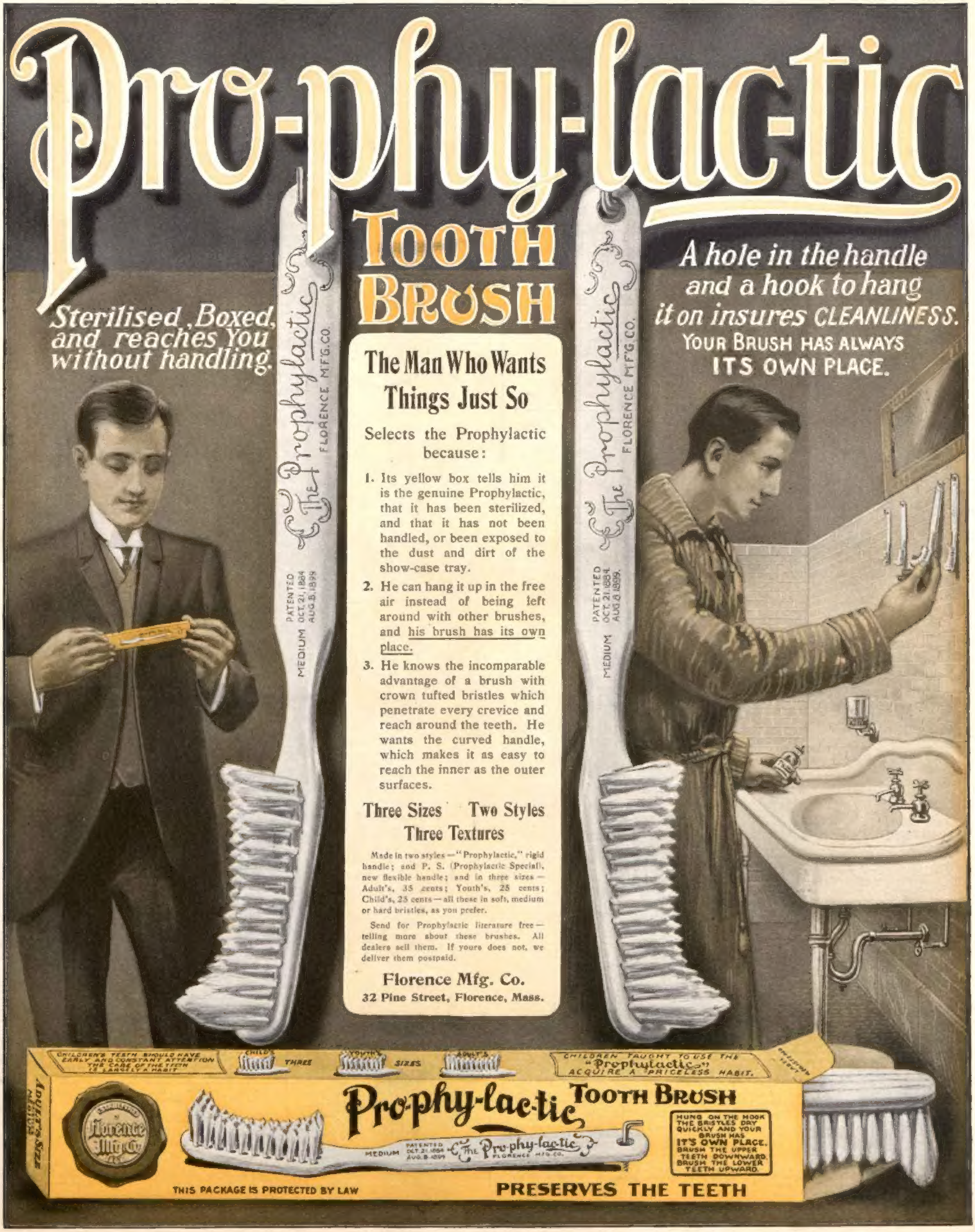
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